

ALTUS.

THE
SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

to 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts:
Apt for Viols and Voyces.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by Thomas Batefon, Bachelor of
MUSICKE, Organist, and Master of
the Children of the Cathedrall Church
of the blessed TRINITY, Dublin, in
the Realme of IRELAND.

LONDON:

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and Iohn Browne. 1618.

Cum Privilegio.



TO THE RIGHT HON^{orable,}
 ARTHVRE Lord CHICHESTER,
 Baron of BELFAST, Lord high Treasurer of Ireland,
 and one of his Majesties most Honorable Priuy Counsell,
 of that KINGDOME.

Right Honorable :



Being to expose these my unworthy Labours to publicke view, and vniuersall censure, I was imboldened in a double respect to become so humbly-ambitious, as to desire that they may take sanctuary vnder your Honors all-pleasing name and safest patronage; First, because they were solely intended for your Honors priuate recreation, after your tedious imployments in the affaires of the common-wealth, being then his Maiesties most worthy Deputy, and swaying the sword and scepter of authoritie amongst vs, in this kingdome of Ireland; And as your Honour hath beene pleased to vouchsafe vnto them your priuate applause, and thereby to occasion me for more variety to enlarge them to this number: So I am bolde to fatter them vpon your Honor, not doubting but as in your allowance of them, I made vse of your goodnesse, so in your protection of them, I may make vse of your greatnesse. Secondly, it is not the least of your Honors fauours conferred vpon me, to grace me with your Honourable seruite, and to call me to a more immediate dependency vpon your Lordship, and therefore to auoide the blacke note of ingratitude, I held it my duty there to lay downe my worke, where I owe my seruite, and to desire to be no longer knowne, then I may be knowne with that relation I haue to your Honour; that so I might leaue a perpetuall testimony vnto the world of your Honors fauours vnto mee; of my affectionate desire, in some weake measure, to expresse my thankfulness to your Honour. If I haue herein given content to these curious and hard-pleased times, the thanks belongs to your Honour, whose encouragements were my motiues with greedinesse to vndertake this taske, with constancy to goe through it, with resolution to publish it, to the censorious eare of the world. If I haue come short of popular expectation, my hope is, that my mention of your Honorable name will procure pardon for a greater offence. And thus wishing vnto your Honor a continuall Harmony, composed of a comfortable delight of body, goods, and good name, with a daily increase of Honour, I humbly take leaue, craving pardon for this boldnesse, and desiring alwaies to be accounted

Your Honours to be commanded
 in the best of his seruices

THOMAS BATESON.



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Songs of 3. Voyces.

L One is the fire that burnes me.	I If I seeke to inioy.	IIII
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FINIS.



Oue is the fire that burnes me, that :||: loue :||:



the :||: The smoakes are thoughts con-



fused, the :||: Which dimmes my soule, my soule, which dimmes my soule,



And hath my sence abus- ed, Though fire to ashes turne me, Yet doth the



smoke more grieue mee, more, :||: That dimmes my minde, whose light should



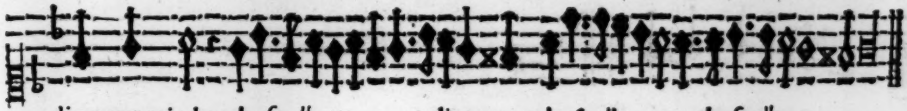
still relieue me, That dims my minde, whose :||: relieue me, whose :||:



whose :||: though fire to ashes turne me, Yet doth the smoke more grieue



me, more, :||: That dims my minde, whose light should still relieue me. That



dims my minde, whose :||: relieue me, whose :||: whose :||:



Y Mistresse after service due, Demanded if indeed my



loue were true, I said it was, Then shee replide, That I must



hate whom she desire, that :::

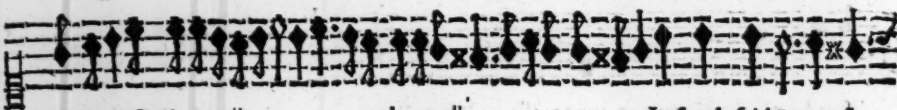
that :::

And so my selfe,



and ::: about the rest, about

the rest, Whom she, she swore did most of



all de- test, whom :::

whom :::

In sooth said I, you see



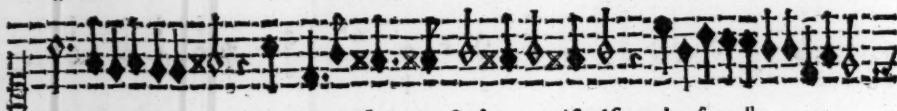
I hate my selfe, you see :::

Who sets my loue on such a peeuish else. Who



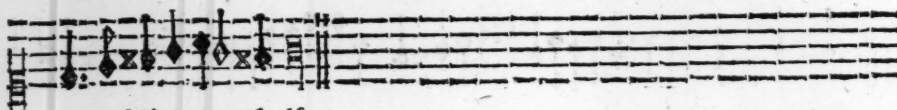
:::

on such a pee- uish else. In sooth said I, you see I hate my



selfe, you see :::

who sets my loue on such a peeuish else. who sets :::



on such a pee- uish else.

O Ne woman scarce of twenty, But hath of teares great plenty, but
 hath :||: Which they powre out like fountaines, That runne downe from the
 mountaines, that :||: that :||: Yet all is but beguiling, Their teares and
 eke their smi- ling, their :||: smi- ling, Ile therefore neuer trust
 them, Ile :||: Since nature hath so curst them, since :||: That they can
 weepe in smi- ling, Poore fooles thereby beguil- ing, poore :||: poore
 :||: poore :||: beguil- ing. Ile therefore neuer trust
 them, Ile :||: Since nature hath so curst them, since :||: That
 they can weepe in smil- ing, Poore fooles thereby beguil- ing, poore :||:
 poore :||: poore :||: beguil- ing.

F I seeke to inioy, If: the fruits of my paine, of my paine,
 She careles denyes me, She: with endles dis- daine, Yet so much I loue her, that
 nothing can either remoue me, or moue her, Alas, why Contend I, why strue I in
 vaine? why: the water to mingle With Oyle that is Ayre, and loues to be
 single, and: and: and: Tis not loue but Fate whose
 doome I a- bide, You pow'rs and you plannets which Destenies guide,
 Change your Opposition, :||: It fits heau'nly powers to be mild of Con-
 dition. to: of: to: to:
 Change your opposition, :||: It fits heau'nly powers to be
 milde of Condition, to: of: to: to:



Leasure, :||: :||: :||: :||: is a wanton thing,



When old and young doe dance and spring, doe :||:



Pleasure, :||: :||: :||: is a wanton thing, When old and young, when old and



young doe dance and spring, doe :||: Pleasure :||: Pleasure it is that



most de- fire, de- fire, And yet tis but a foolcs hire, tis :||: tis :||:



a foolcs hire. Pleasure it is that most de- fire, de- fire, And yet



tis but a foolcs hire, tis :||: tis :||: a foolcs hire.



Weer, those Trammels of your haire, Golden locks more



truely are, My thoughts locking to your beautie, Thus you



doe :: my captiue minde, From my dying body binde, From ::



Onely to you, :: to doe du- ty. O my deere let it goe free, Or my



body take to thee, Or :: take to thee, Or :: So your Cap-



tiue you shall che- rish, You shall che- rish, For if parted thus they lye, Or my



thoughts or I must dye, Or :: must dye, Or :: T'will

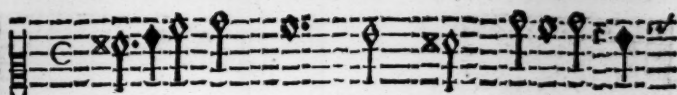


griue thee, t'will griue thee, :: griue thee, if either pe-

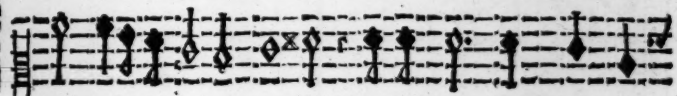


rish, if either pe- rish. if either pe- rish.

Here endeth the Songs of Three parts.



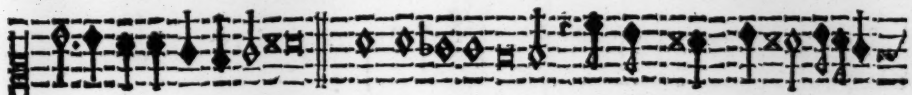
Iue not poore bloome, poore bloome, but perish, Whose



Spring frosty Winter blasteth, Other buds fresh Mayes doe



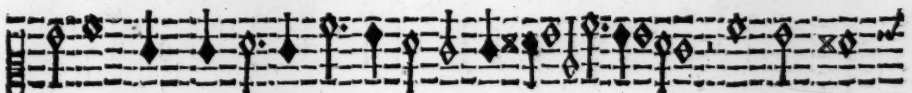
cherish, Hyems o're thee his snow casteth, And in wither'd armes thee graspeth, and ::



Tyrants, :: nothing worfe you can, ::



you can, Now my liuely bodies yoaked, is yoaked to the dead corps of



a man, Thus with loathed burden choked, thus ::

Lingering death



with teares inuoked. Lingering death with teares inuoked.

ked. lingering



::

Lingering death with teares inuoked.



He Nightingale in silent night, Doth sing as



well as in the light, doth: ||:

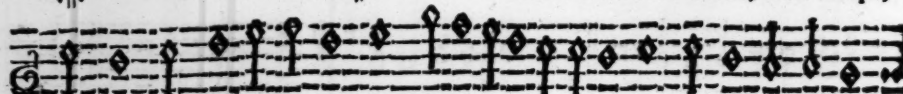
doth



: ||:

doth, : ||:

To lull loues watchfull eyes a- sleepe,



She doth such nightly sonnets keepe, she : ||:

such : ||:



Hey hoe, : ||: : ||: Sing we with all, What fortune vs so ere be-



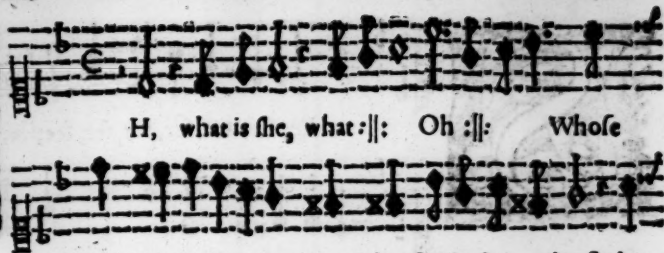
fall. what : ||:

befall. vs befall. Hey hoe, : ||: : ||: Sing

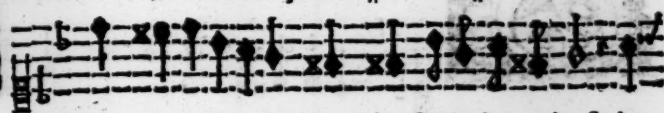


we with all, With fortune vs so ere befall. what : ||:

befall, vs befall.



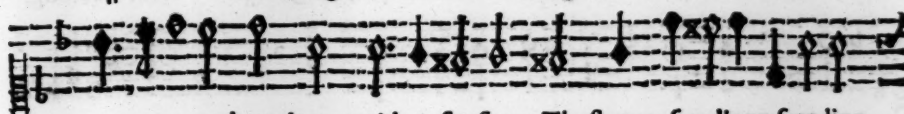
H, what is she, what :||: Oh :||: Whose



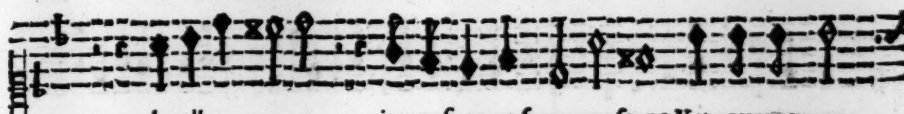
lookes like light- nings pierce thus suddenly my brest, thus



:||: Scorching no skinne? Scorching no skinne? Yet oh yet oh,



my heart burnes with a fire fierce, The flames ascending, ascending



the :||: in my face are scene, are scene, Yet courage man,



yet :||: Her speaking eye doth shew, Some fire remains, from whence those



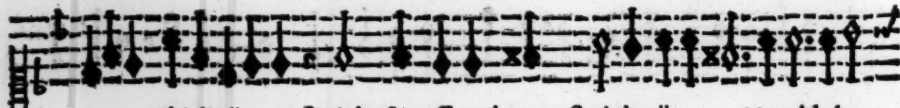
lightnings flew. those :||: some :||:



Ee, see, see, see, see, see, see, forth here eyes her



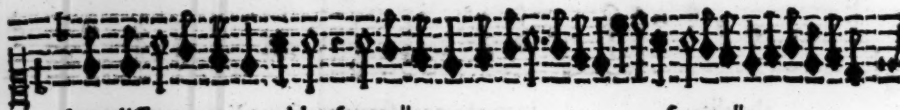
startled spirit peepes, Which now she on me, which :||



which :|| straight she off me keepes, straight :|| Not able long,



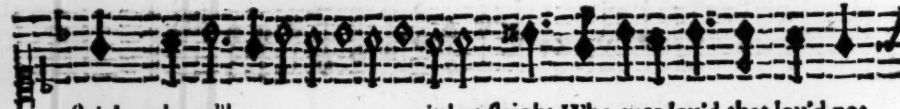
looks off, looks on, doth blush, doth tremble, Sweet wretch she would, but can- not



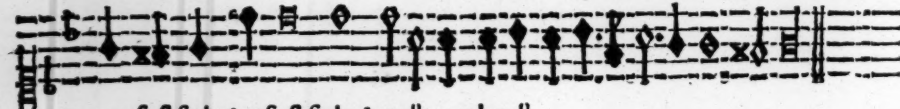
love dissem- ble, sweet :|| sweet :||



Happy event, :|| :|| Whats lingering is but



sleight, whats :|| is but sleight, Who ever lou'd that lou'd not



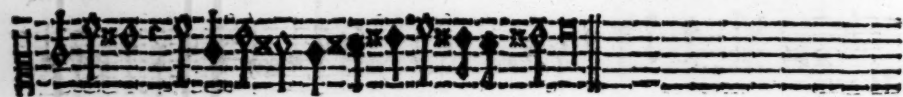
at first sight ? at first sight ? at :|| who :||



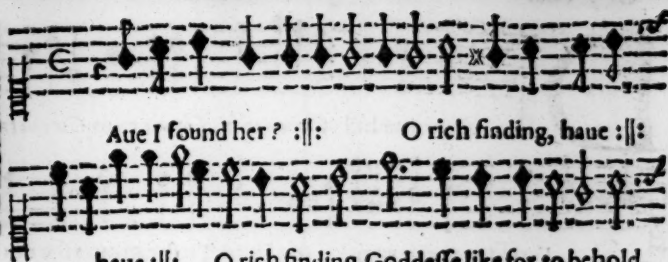
 W Hen to the gloomy woods, to :||: When to the barren plain, to the
 barren plaine, When to the stony rocks and ful-len floods, I wayling often goe, I
 :||: and of my Loue complaine, How fenceles then thinke I, how :||:
 by loue I grow, To fenceles things that tell my woe? to :||:
 that tell my woe? Yet these my piercing moanes, my piercing moanes, yet :||:
 my piercing moanes haue touched oft so nye, haue :||: oft so nye, oft
 :||: That they to me replie, reply, reply, reply, reply, reply, But cruell, cruel, cruel
 she, More fenceles then hard stones, Quite fenceles of my paines, No answer giues,
 Vnmoued Still remaines. Vnmo- ued :||: Vnmo- ued :||:



Floods of teares.



Here endeth the Songs of foure Parts.



haue :: O rich finding, Goddesse like for to behold,



D  Owne the hills *Corina* trips, *Corina* trips, *Corina* trips, :||: :||:

 Ferching many wan- ton skips, To the groues she doth goe, she: ||: :||:

 Where thousand birds in a rowe, Sitting all vpon a tree, Came two by two,

 Then three by three, *Corina* coueting to see, to see, *Corina*: ||: to

 see, *Corina*: ||: to see, to see, *Corina*: ||: to see, Tuning notes, Tuning

 notes of her praise, of :||: Doe welcome her with round- delays, with rounde

 roundelays, with rounde rounde roundelays, with rounde rounde roundelays, rounde

 roundelays, Tuning notes of her praise, tuning :||: :||: Doe welcome

 her with round- delays, with rounde round- de' ayes, with round- de-

 layes, with rounde roundelays, with rounde roundelays, roundelays.



Amella faire tript or'e the plaine, *Camella* ||:

tript :||: I follow'd quickly after, I :||:

Hauc ouertaken her, hauc :||:

I would faine, and kist her when I caught

her, and :||:

and :||:

and :||:

I caught her. But hope

be'ng past her to obtaine, *Camella* loud I call, I call, She answerd me with great disdain,

she :||:

I will not kisse at all, I :||: kisse at all, I will not, kisse :||:

I :||: I :||:

I will not kisse at all. But hope be'ng past her to obtaine, *Camella*

loud I call, I call, She answerd me with great disdain, she :||:

I will not

kisse at all. I :||: kisse :||: I :||: kisse :||: I wil not, I wil not, I wil not kis at all.



Adnesse sit downe, sadnesse :||: on my soule feed, on



:||: Teare vpthoughts, tombe, a numbed heart,



tombe a numbed heart. :||: tombe :||: make wounds to speake, and



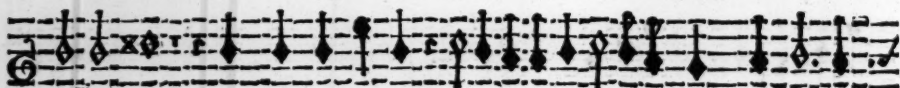
scarrest to bleede, On withe- red strings tune springing smart, on :||:



And leaue this farwell, this farwell, for posteritie, Life is a death where



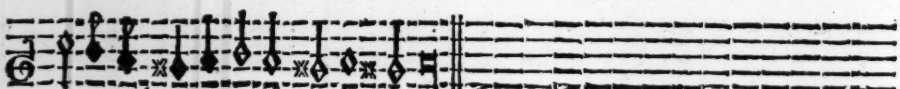
forrow cannot dye. life :||: life :||:



And leaue this farwell for posteritie, Life is a death where sorrow

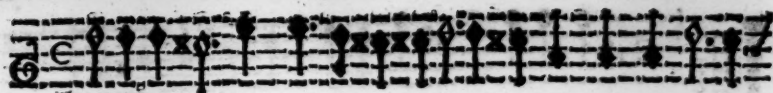


cannot dye. life :||: life :||:



life :||:

L



Ife of my life, how should I liue alas, a- las, since thou art thus re-



solu'd for to depart? for :: Or how should I disguise my secret smart, Wanting the



sweet fruition of thy face? Wanting the sweet fruition of thy face, of thy face, Wher



beauty, loue, with maiestie and grace, Things sold or neuer, things :: things ::



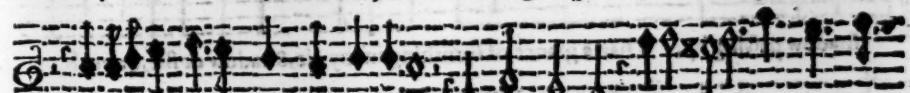
meeting in one place, Haue all conspir'd to plague a plagued hart,



all alwaies careles of my carefull case, all :: Then if thou wilt not



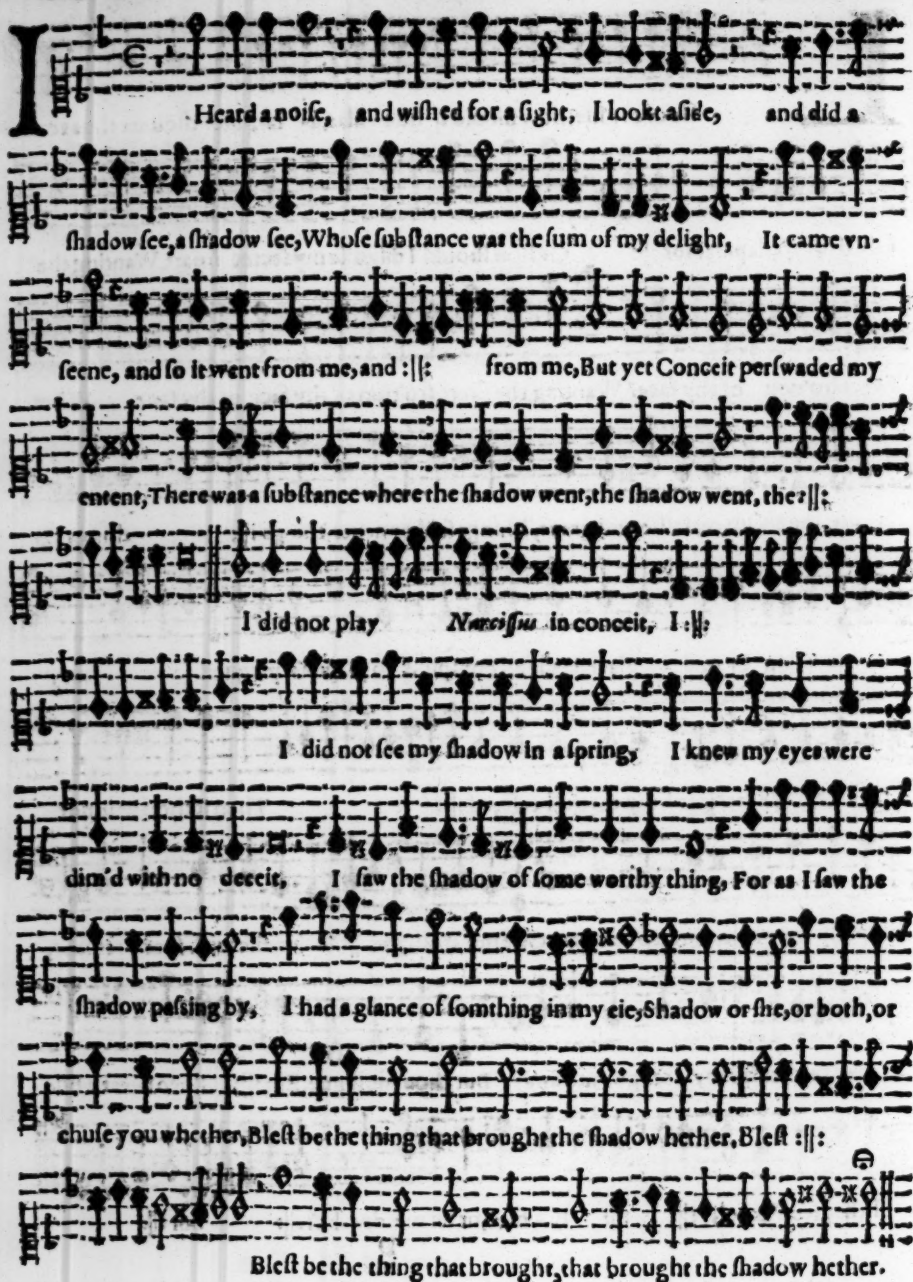
haue thy loue to mourne, to mourne, Goe not at all, goe :: or else with speed returne,



Nay ra-ther far my deer goe not away, But thou must goe, But :: Then sweet while



I thee see, Farwel, :: :: But bide, or let me dye, but :: but ::



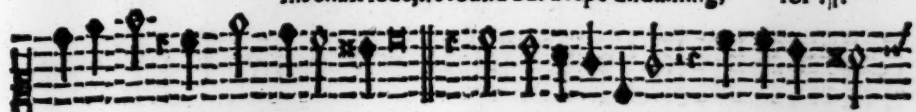
 Heard a noise, and wished for a sight, I lookt aside, and did a
 shadow see, a shadow see, Whose substance was the sum of my delight, It came vn-
 scene, and so it went from me, and :: from me, But yet Conceit perswaded my
 content, There was a substance where the shadow went, the shadow went, the ::
 I did not play *Narcissus* in conceit, I ::
 I did not see my shadow in a spring, I knew my eyes were
 dim'd with no deceit, I saw the shadow of some worthy thing, For as I saw the
 shadow passing by, I had a glance of something in my eye, Shadow or she, or both, or
 chuse you whether, Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hether, Blest ::
 Blest be the thing that brought, that brought the shadow hether.



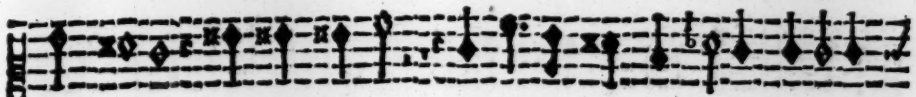
Ith bitter sighs I heard *Aminas* playning, For



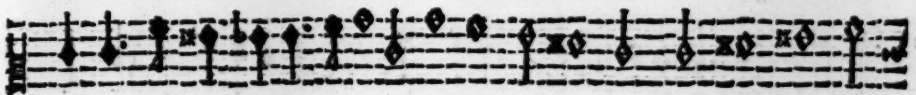
his chaste loue, he found but deepe disdain, for ::



but deepe disdain, As thus he sat, he sat, and in his griefe



did tremble, To cheere his spirits the *Ærall* queere assemble, assemble,



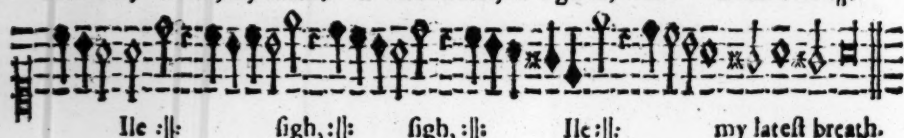
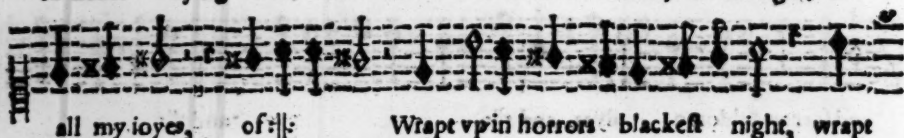
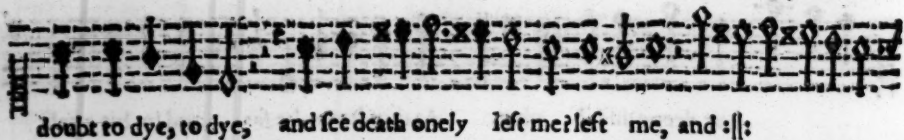
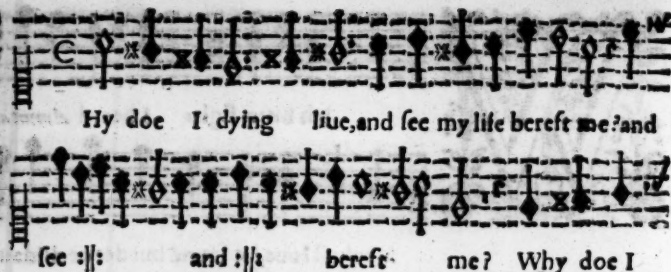
They sweetly sing, they :: In dolefull tunes he cryes, Griefes are long liud,



and sorrow seldome dyes, and :: and ::

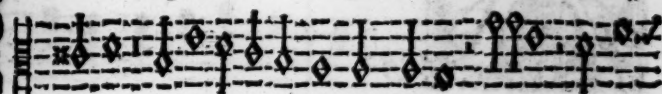


and :: and sorrow seldome dyes.

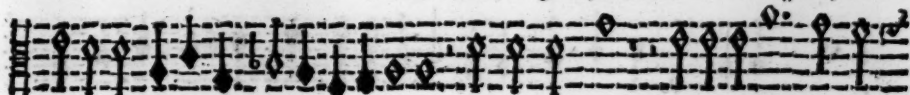




N depth of gricfe, and forrow great, and :||:



and forrow great, Oft haue I, oft :||: my selfe



bewailed, my :||: of that same loue, of that :||: that late



had feate in my heart, in my heart, but now is fai- led, And forrow thou haft done the



worft, That thou canft doe, to make me curft, that :||:



that :||: And forrow thou haft done the worft, That thou canft



doe, to make me curft, that :||:

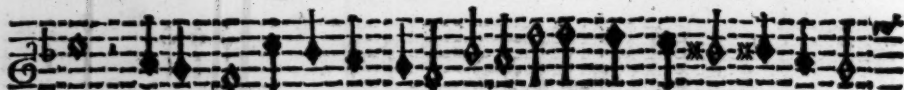
that :||:



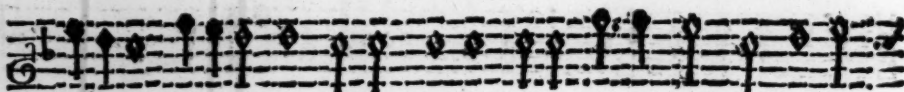
Al the day, all the day, I waite in weeping,



grieved with, grieved with, my loues, grieved :||: diddai-



ning. All the night, all the night, I lye complaining, sighes and sobes, sighes :||:



sighes :||: sighes :||: me watchfull keeping, For thy losse my liues bright Iwell,



Once too kinde, and now too cruell. once :||:

once. :||:



once :||:

too cruell, For thy losse, my liues bright



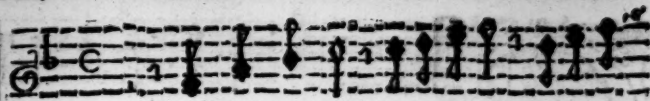
Iwell, Once too kinde, And now too cruell, once :||:

once



:||:

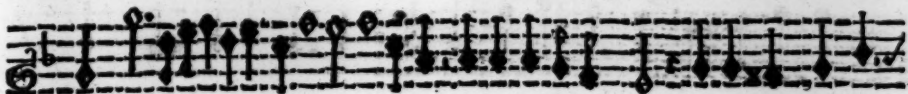
once :||:



Hy doest thou flye? why :||: why :||:

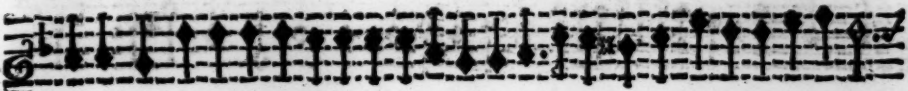


in such disdain, Stay, or I dye with endlesse



paine, stay :||:

Pittie, pittie, pittie my plaint; a-las I faint, vn-



happy me, wilt neuer be? wilt :||: wilt :||: wilt :||: wilt :||: wilt :||:



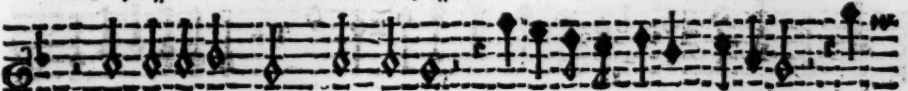
Then yet at last glance backe thy eye, And see thy wretched louer dye. and



see, thy :||:

and see thy :||:

and see thy :||:



Then yet at last glance backe thy eye, And see thy wretched louer dye. and



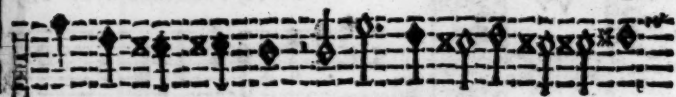
see thy :||:

and see thy :||:

thy louer dye.



Ome sorrow, helpe me to lament, For plaining.



now must ease my heart, for plaining now, :::

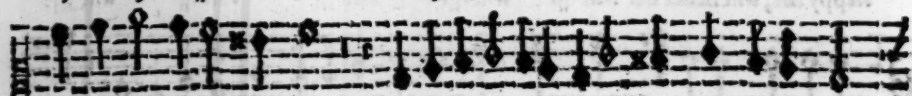


No pleasure can giue me content, content, For all delights doth breede



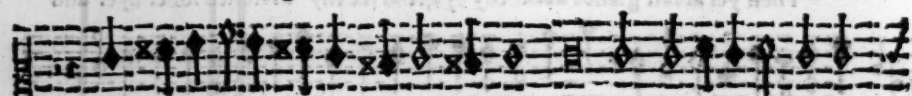
my smart, for :::

Onely my loue, my loue can yeeld reliefe, Whose



absence causeth all my griefe. whose :::

my griefe. all my griefe,



whose :::

all my griefe. my griefe. Onely my loue, my

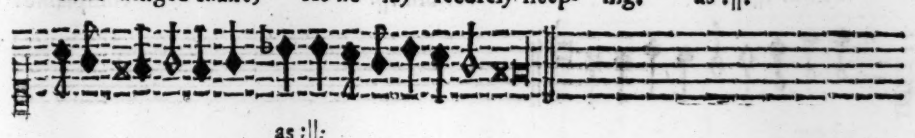
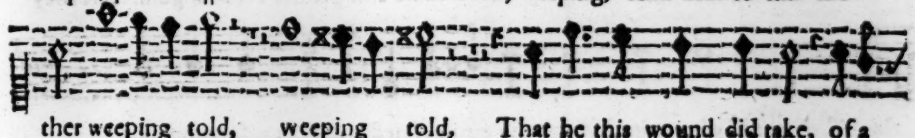


loue, can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence causeth all my griefe, whose :::

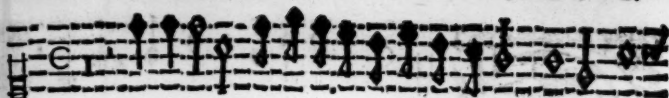


my griefe. all my griefe, whose :::

all my griefe, my griefe.



as: ||:



Tib-rea smi-

ling laid, smiling laid,



That if so great sorrow spring, so ::

From a



lilly Bees weake sting, From ::

as should make thee thus dif-



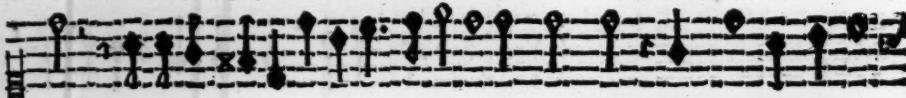
maid, as ::

What anguish feele they thinkst thou, and what paine,



Whom thy empyf ned arrows cause complaine?

whom ::



whom ::

cause complaine? What anguish feele they



thinkst thou, and what paine, Whom thy empyf ned arrowes cause complaine?



Whom ::

Whom ::

complaine?



whom ::



Er haire, the net of goul- den wire, Wherin my

heart, Wherein my heart, Led by my wandring eye, led ::

So fast entangled is, entang- led is, That in no wise it can or will againe re-

tire, it ::

againe retire it ::

re-

tire, againe retire, But rather will in that sweet bondage die, Then break one haire to

gaine her liber- ty. then ::

Then breake ::

her :: But ra- ther will in that sweet bondage dye, Then

breake one haire, to gaine her liber- ty. Then ::

Then

::

her ::



Ond loue is blind, Blinde therefore louers

be, Blinde ::

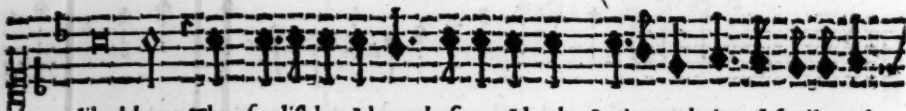
But I more blinde, Who



neare my loue did see, my loue did see, did see, *Pigmal'on* lou'd an Image, I



a name, I laught at him, But now de-serue like blame, but ::

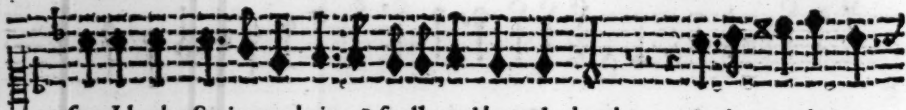


like blame, Thus foolishly I leape before Hooke, Seeing no baite I swallowed

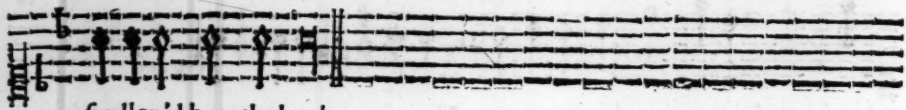


haue the hooke. Seeing ::

Thus foolishly I leape be-



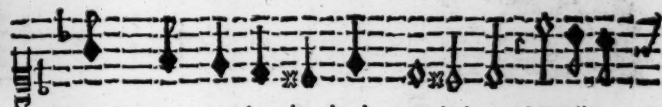
fore I looke, Seeing no baite, I swallowed haue the hooke. Seeing no baite, I



swallow'd haue the hooke.



H *Cupid*, grant that I may neuer see, Her



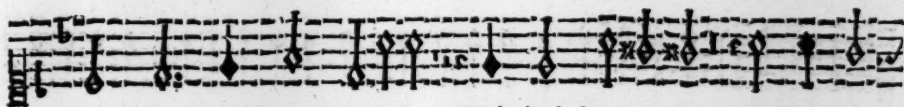
through mine care, that thus hath wounded me, *Hir* :||:



If through mine eyes another wound she giue, *Cupid* alas,



Cupid alas, then I no longer liue, then I no longer liue, But dye poore wretch,



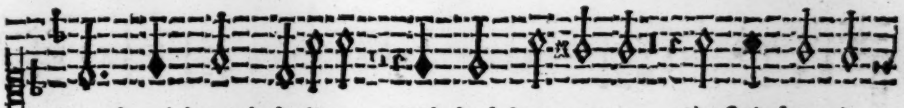
Shot through and through the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes, She stole from



thy quier. She :||:

She :||:

But dye poore wretch, Shot



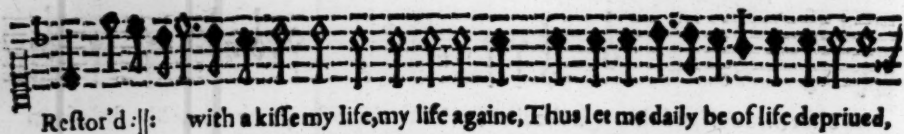
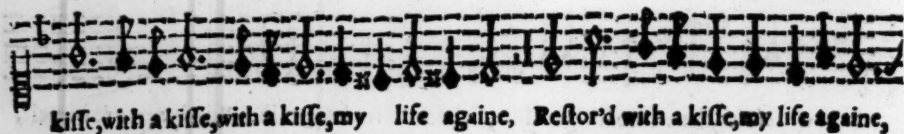
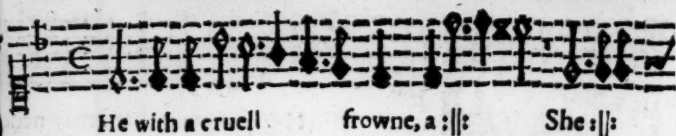
through and through the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes, She stole from thy



quier.

She stole from thy quier.

She stole from thy quier.



FINIS.

TENOR.

THE
SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

to 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts:
Apt for Viols and Voyces.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by Thomas Bateson, Bachelor of
MUSICKE, Organist, and Master of
the Children of the Cathedrall Church
of the blessed TRINITY, Dublin, in
the Realme of IRELAND.

LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Matthew Lownes
and Iohn Browne. 1618.

Cum Privilegio.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
ARTHUR Lord CHICHESTER,

Baron of BELFAST, Lord high Treasurer of Ireland,
and one of his Majesties most Honorable Priuy Counsell,
of that KINGDOME.

Right Honorable:



Being to expose these my unworthy Labours to publicke view, and vniuersall censure, I was imboldened in a double respect to become so humbly-ambitious, as to desire that they may take sanctuary vnder your Honors all pleasing name and sequester patronage; First, because they were solely intended for your Honors private recreation, after your tedious imployments in the affaires of the common-wealth, being then his Maiesties most worthy Deputy, and swaying the sword and scepter of authority amongst vs, in this kingdome of Ireland; And as your Honour hath bene pleased to vouchsafe vnto them your private applause, and thereby to occasion me for more variety to enlarge them to this number: So I am bolde to father them vpon your Honor, not doubting but as in your allowance of them, I made vse of your goodnesse, so in your protection of them, I may make vse of your greatnesse. Secondly, it is not the least of your Honors fauours conferred vpon me, to grace me with your Honourable seruice, and to call me to a more immediate dependency vpon your Lordship, and therefore to auoide the blacke note of ingratitude, I held it my duty there to lay downe my worke, where I owe my seruice, and to desire to be no longer knowne, then I may be knowne with that relation I haue to your Honour; that so I might leane a perpetuall testimony vnto the world of your Honors fauours vnto mee; of my affectionate desire, in some weake measure, to expresse my thankfulnessse to your Honour. If I haue herein giuen content to these curious and hard-pleased times, the thanks belongs to your Honour, whose encouragements were my motiues with greedinesse to undertake this taske, with constancy to goe through it, with resolution to publish it to the censorious eare of the world. If I haue come short of popular expectation, my hope is, that my mention of your Honorable name will procure pardon for a greater offence. And thus wishing vnto your Honor a continuall Harmony, composed of a comfortiblle delight of body, goods, and good name; with a daily increase of Honour, I humbly take leaue, craving pardon for this boldnesse, and desiring alwaies to be accounted

Your Honours to be commanded
in the best of his seruices

THOMAS BATESON.



THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Voyces.

L oue is the fire that burnes me.	I If I seeke to inioy.	IIII
My Mistris after seruice due.	II Pleasure is a wanton thing.	V
One woman scarce of twenty.	III Sweet, those trammels of your haire.	VI

Songs of 4. Voyces.

L oue not poore bloome.	VII See, see, forth her eyes her.	X
The Nightingale in silent night.	VIII When to the gloomy woods.	XI
Oh, what is she?	IX If floods of teares.	XII

Songs of 5. Voyces.

H ae I found her?	XIII With bitter sighes.	XIX
Downe the hills.	XIIII Why doe I dying liue?	XX
Camello faire tript.	XV In depth of greife.	XXI
Sadnesse sit downe.	XVI All the day, I wast in weeping.	XXII
Life of my life.	XVII Why doest thou flye?	XXIII
I heard a noise.	XVIII Come sorrow.	XXIIII

Songs of 6. Voices.

C upid in a bed of Roses.	XXV Fond loue is blinde.	XXVIII
Cytherea smiling said.	XXVI Ah Cupid grant that I.	XXIX
Her haire, the net of.	XXVII Shewith a cruell frowne,	XXX

FINIS.



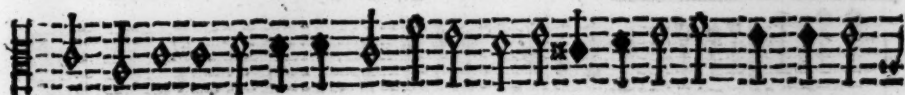
Iue not poore bloome, liue ::

but perish,

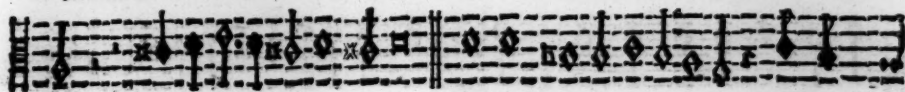


Whose Spring frosty Winter blasteth,

Other buds fresh



Mayes doe cherish, Hyems o're thee his snow casteth, And in wither'd armes thee graf-



petrh, and ::

Tyrants, Tyrants, ::

nothing



worse you can, nothing

you can, Now my liuely body's yoaked, is yoaked

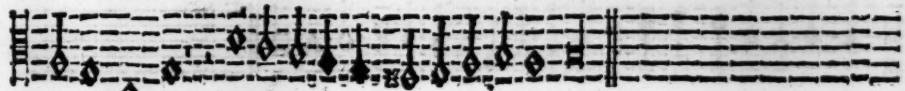


to the dead corps of a man, Thus with loathed burden choked, thus ::

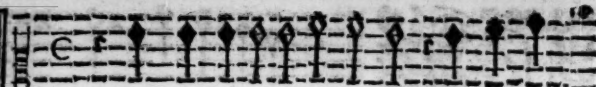


Lingering death with teares inuoked.

Lingering ::



:::



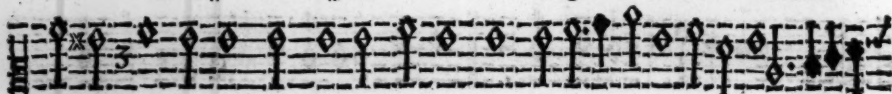
He Nightingale in silent night, Doth sing as



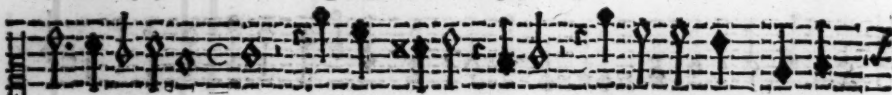
well as in the light, as :||: doth :||:



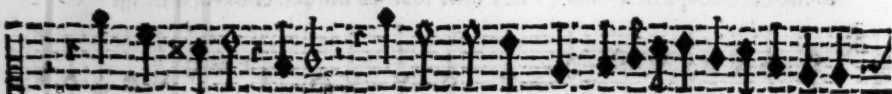
as in :||: doth :||: the light, To lull loves watchfull



eyes asleepe, She doth such nightly sonnets keepe, she :||: such



Hey hoe, :||: :||: Sing we with all, What for-
tune vs so ere befall. so ere be- fall, what :||: to vs be-fall,



Hey hoe, :||: :||: Sing we with all, What fortune vs so ere befall. so



ere be- fall, what :||: to vs be- fall,



H, what is she, what :||: what :||: Oh what is



she, Whose looks like lightnings pierce thus suddenly my



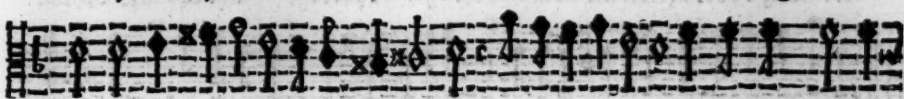
heart, thus :||:

Scorching no skinne? Scorching :||:

Yet oh, yet



oh yet oh my heart burnes with a fire fierce, The flames ascending, ascen-



ding, the :||:

in my face are scene, in :||:

Yet courage man, yet



:||:

Her speaking eye doth shew, Some fire remains, some :||:

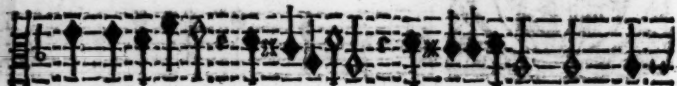
some



fire remains, From whence those lightnings flew, some :||:



Ec, see, see forth hereyes her startled spirit peepes, Which



now she on me, which :||: which :||: straight she



off me keepes, she :||: Not able long, lookes off, lookes on, doth blush, doth



tremble, Sweet wretch she would, sweet :||: sweet :||: but cannot loue, but



:||: dissemble, sweet :||: loue dis- semble, Happy cuent, Happy e-



uent, Whats lingering is but sleight, Whats :||: is but sleight, Who



cuer lou'd that lou'd not at first sight ? at first sight ? who :||:



that lou'd not at first sight ?

4
W
Hen to the gloomie woods, When to the barren plaine, when ::||



When to the stony rocks and fullen, fullen floods, I way- ling of- ten
goe, I ::|| often goe, How senceles then thinke I, how, ::|| By



loue I grow, To senceles things that tell my woe? to ::|| that tell my
woe? Yet these my piercing moanes, my piercing moanes, my, ::|| my piercing



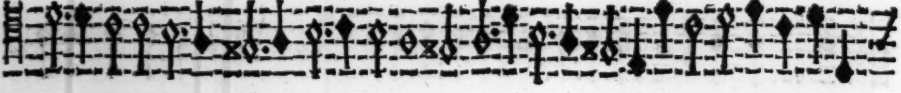
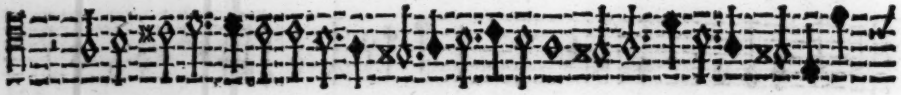
moanes, Hauetouched oft so nye, oft ::|| oft ::|| oft so nye, oft ::|| That they to me
re- plie, to ::|| to ::|| But cruell she, but cru- ell she, More sencelesse then hard



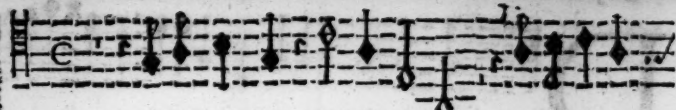
stones, then ::|| Quite senceles of my paine, No answer giues, Vnmoued still re-
maines, vn moued ::|| Vnmoued still remains.



F floods of teares,&c.



Here endeth the Songs of foure Parts.



Aue I found her? O rich finding, haue :||:



O rich finding, Goddesse like for to behold, for :||:



Her faire tresses seemely bind-ing, In a chaire of pearle and gould, :||:



of pearle and gould, In :||:

of pearle and gould, Chaine me,



:||: Chaine me O most faire, Chaine me to thee with that haire, Chaine :||:



:||:

Chaine :||:

Chaine :||:



Chaine me, :||:

:||:

Chaine me, O most faire, Chaine me to thee with that haire.

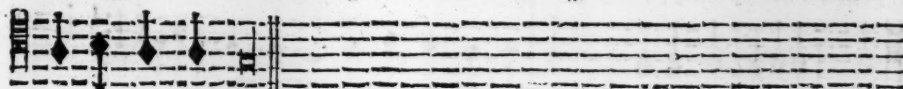


Chaine :||:

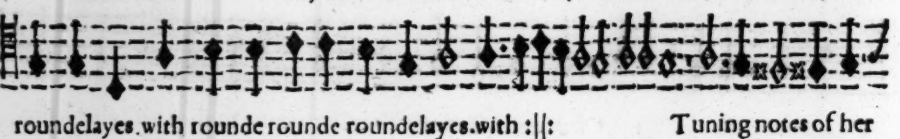
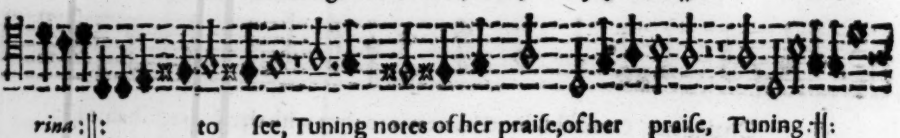
Chaine :||:

Chaine :||:

Chaine me



to thee with that haire.



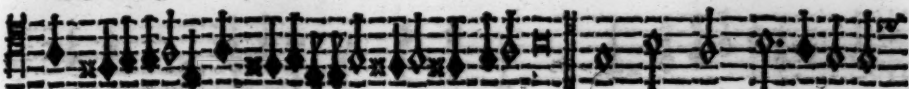


Amella faire tript or'e the plaine, tript :||: tript :||:

I follow'd quickly after, Hau'e ouertaken her, I would



faine, haue :||: I :||: and kist her when I caught her, and :||: and



and :||: when :||: But hope be'ng past her to ob-



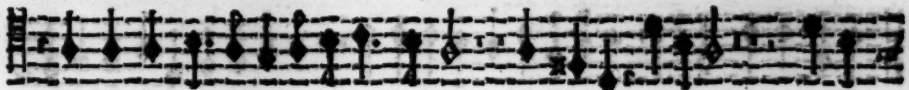
taine, *Camella* loud I call, She answerd me with great disdain, I will



not kisse at all, I :||: kisse :||: I :||: kisse :||: I :||: kisse not



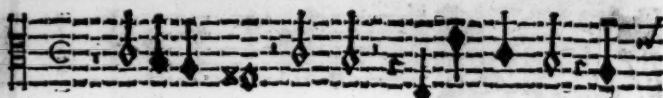
kisse, not kisse at all. But hope be'ng past her to obtaine, *Camella* loud I call,



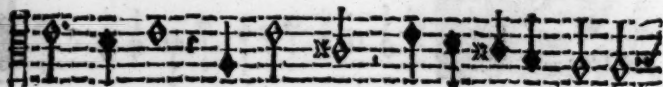
She answerd me with great disdain, I will not kisse at all. I :||:



kisse, :||: I :||: kisse :||: I :||: kisse, not kisse, not kisse at all,



Adnesse sit downe, sit downe, on my soule feed, on



my soule feede, Teare wth thoughts, tombe a numbed heart, a



numbed hert, tombe :: a numbed heart, Make wounds to speake, and (karres to



bleede, On withered strings tune springing smart, tune springing smart, And leaue



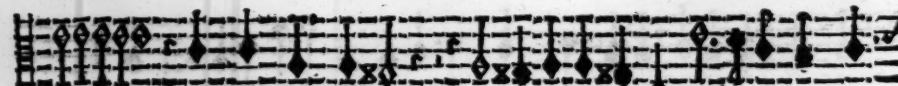
this farwell for posteritie, (O) life is a death where sorrow cannot dye.



life ::

life ::

cannot dye, where



::

And leaue this farwell,

for posteritie,

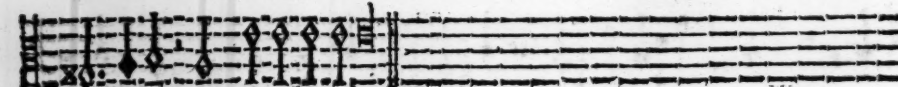
(O) Life is a death, wher



sorrow cannot dye, Life ::

Life ::

can-



not dye, where ::



Hee of my : Or how should I disguise, or how should I disguise my



secret smart, my secret smart, Wanting the sweet fruition of thy



face, of thy face, Wanting :||:

Where beauty, loue, with maiestie and



grace, and grace, with :||:

Things seld or neuer, things :||:

meeting



in one place, Haue all conspir'd to plague a pla- gued hart, to :||:

All

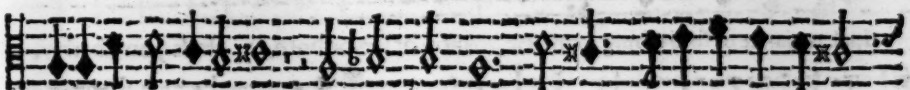


alwaies carcles of my carefull case, Deere to my soule, Deere :||: I pray thee make no



stay, Goe not at all, goe :||:

or else with speed returne, Nay rather far my deere goe



not away, goe not a- way, But thou must goe, Then sweet while I thee see, Farwell,



farwell, :||: farwell, But bide or let me dye, but :||:

but :||:

I Heard a noise, I :||: and wished for a sight, a sight, I lookt aside, and

did a shadow see, :||: Whose substance was the summe of my delight, It came vn-

seene, it :||: vnseene, and so it went from me, from me, But yet Conceit perswaded

my entent, There was a substance where the shadow went, there :||:

I did not play *Narcissus* in conceit, conceit, I did not see my shadow in a

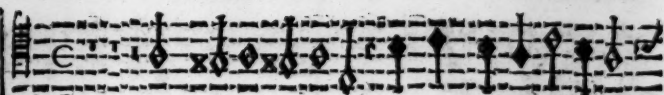
spring, I knew my eyes were dim'd with no deceit, I saw the shadow of some worthy

thing, For as I saw the shadow passing by, I had a glance of something in my eye, I

had a glance of something in my eye, Shadow or she, or both, or chuse you whether,

Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hether, Blest :||:

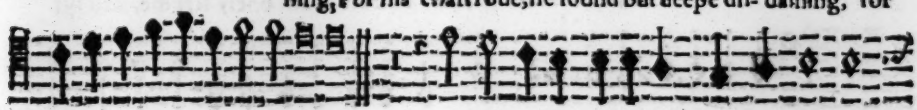
Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hether. the shadow hether.



Ith bitter

sighs I heard *Aminas* play-

ning, For his chaste loue, he found but deepe dis- daining, for



:||:

As thus he sat, and in his grieve did tremble,



To cheere his spirits the Æt' all queere as- semble, as- semble, the:||:

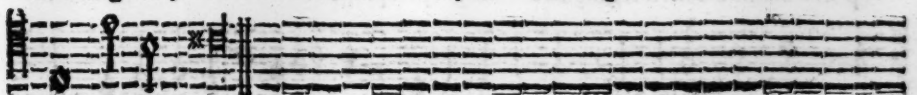


They sweetly sing, they :||:

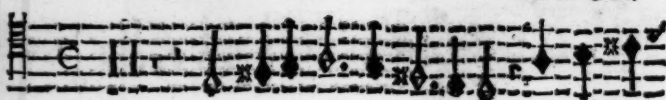
In dolefull tunes he cries, Griefea



are long liu'd, and sorrow feldome dyes, and :||: fel- dome



dyes, feldome dyes.



Hy doe I dying: Why doe I doubt to dye, to dye, and see death



onely left me: left me, and see death onely left me, and ::

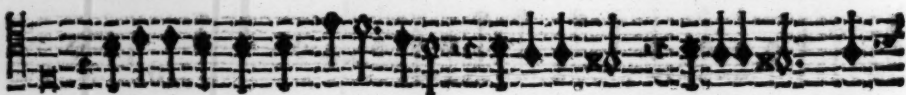


death ::

Th' enlargement of my better selfe by natures foe, Con-



fines my haplesse life, to neuer dying woe, Immur'd in sorrowes hold in sorrowes



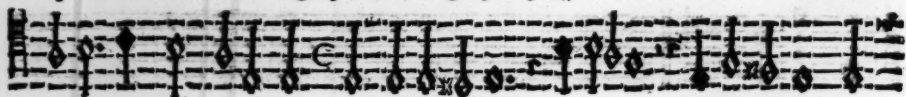
hold, I onely see the light, see the light of all my ioyes, of ::

Wrapt



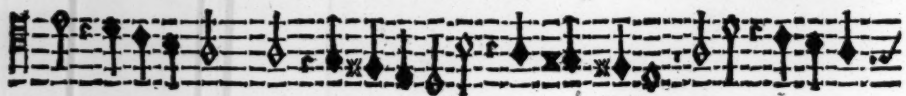
vp in horrors blackest night, blackest night, wrapt ::

Then like



Meander Swans, before my death, in fatall notes, In ::

In fatall notes, Ile



figh my latest breath. figh, ::

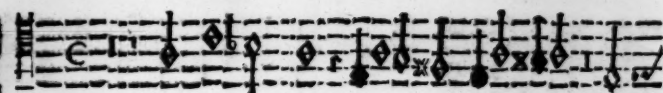
figh, ::

Ile ::

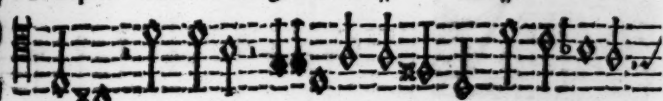


Ile figh, ::

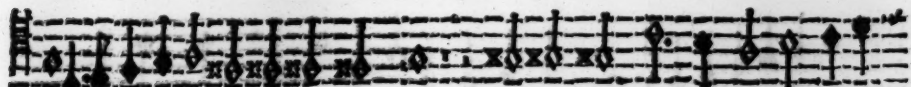
my latest breath.



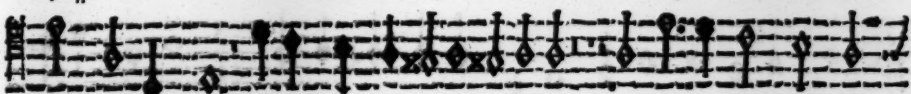
N depth: And for-row great, and :||: and :||: Oft



haue I, oft haue I, oft :||: oft haue I, my selfe bewayled,



my :||: Of that same loue, Of that same loue, that late had feat in



my heart, my heart, in my heart, but now is failed, And sorrow thou hast done



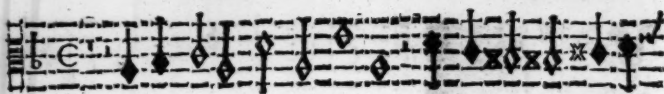
the worst, That thou canst doe to make me curst. to :||: curst. And sorrow



thou hast done the worst, hast done the worst, That thou canst doe to make me curst,



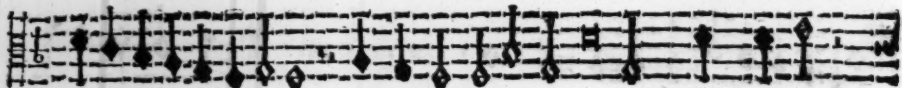
That thou canst doe to make me curst. That thou canst doe to make me curst.



Al the day I wast in weeping, grieued with my loues dis-



day- ning, (Oh) grieued with my loues disdaining,



grieued :||:

All the night I lye complaining, sighes and sobs,



sighes and sobs me watchfull keeping, For thy losse, my liues bright Iewell, Once too



kinde, But now too cruell,

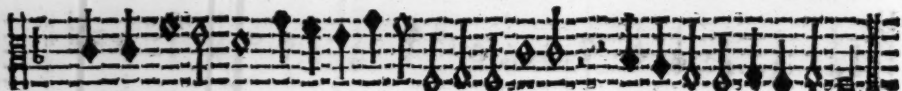
once :||:

cru-

ell, once :||:



For thy losse my liues brigh Iewell, Once too kinde, but



now too cru- ell, once :||:

cru- ell, once :||:

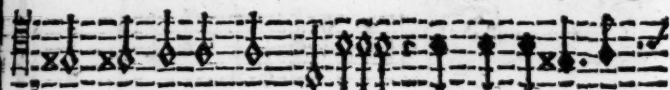


The first system of musical notation for 'The Merry Widow' is a single staff in 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation is in a standard musical font, with stems and flags clearly visible.

and see: H:



One sorrow, helpe me to lament; For plaining



now must ease my heart, must :||: No pleasure can giue



me content, For all delights doth breede my smart, my smart, for :||:



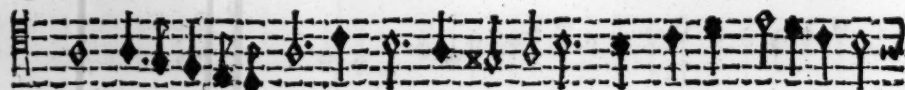
Onely my loue, my loue, can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence causeth all



my griefe, all my griefe, all my griefe, whose absence :||: all my



griefe, whose :||: whose :||: causeth all my griefe, all my



griefe, Onely my loue, my loue, can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence causeth all my



griefe, all my griefe, all my griefe, whose :||: all my griefe, whose



:||: whose :||: causeth :||: all my griefe.

Here endeth the Songs of five Parts.



Uplid in a bed of Roses, sleep-ing, Sleep-

ing, chanced to be stung, of a Bee that

lay among the flowers, a- mong the flowers, Where he himselfe repoes, Where

reposes, And thus to his mother weeping told, weeping told,

That he this wound did take,did take, Of a little winged snake. As

he lay securely sleep- ing, sleeping, sleeping, And thus to his mother weeping

told, weeping told, That he this wound did take, did take, of a little winged

snake, As he lay securely sleep. ing, sleeping, sleeping.



Yhe-rea smi- ling said, smiling said, That



if so great sorrow spring, that :||:

From a



fil- ly Bees weake sting, From :||:

as should make thee thus dif-



maid, as :||:

What anguish feele they think'it thou, and what paine,



Whom thy empyf ned arrows cause complaine?

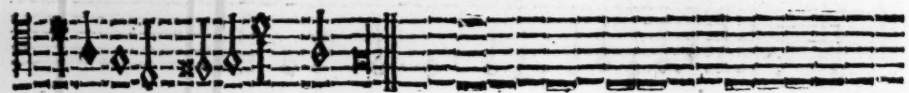
whom :||:



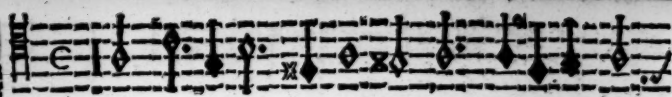
cause complaine, complaine? What anguish feele they think'it thou, and what paine,



Whom thy empyf ned arrowes cause complaine? Whom :||:



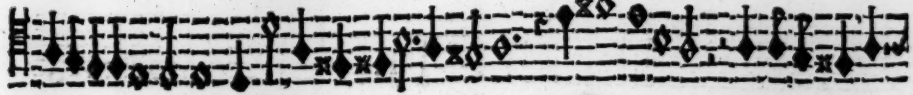
cause complaine, complaine?



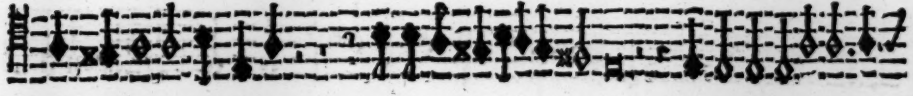
Er haire, the net of goul- den wire, Wherin my heart



my heart, Led by my wandring eye, led by :||: led



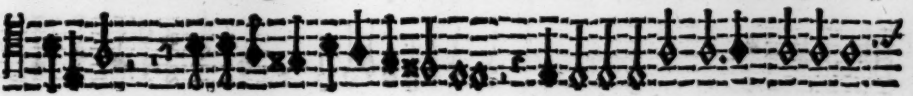
:||: So fast entangled is, entang- led is, That in no wife it can or will a-



gaine re-tire, againe retire it :||: againe retire, But rather



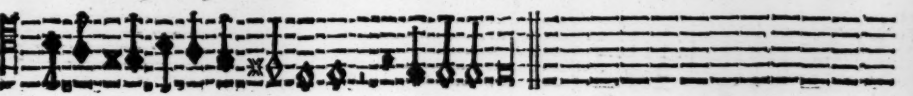
will in that sweet bondage dye, Then breake one haire to gaine her liber- ty, her :||:



Then :||: her liberty. But ra. ther will in that



sweet bondage dye, Then breake one haire, to gaine her liber- ty, her :||: then



her :||:



Ond loue is blind, Blinde therefore louers be, Blinde.



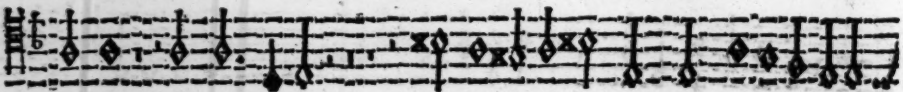
:||:

But I more blinde, more blinde, Who neare my



loue did see, my: ||:

my loue did see, *Pigmal' on* lou'd an Image, I a name,



a name, I laught at him,

But now de- ferue like blame, but: ||:



Thus foolishly I leape before I looke, Seeing no baite I swallowed haue the hooke,



Seeing no baite, I swallow'd haue the

hooke. Thus foolishly I leape be-



fore I looke, Seeing no baite, I swallowed haue the hooke. Seeing: ||:



the

hooke.



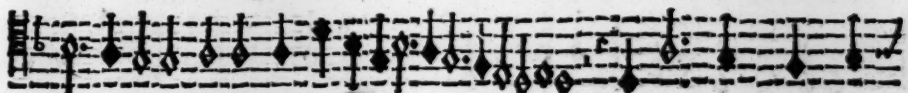
Ah *Cupid*, grant that I may neuer see,



Her through mine care, that thus hath wounded me, that ::

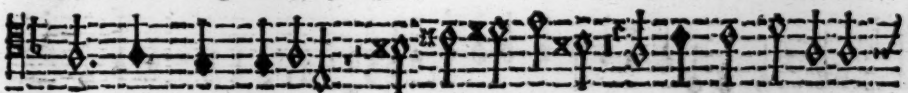


If through mine eyes another wound she giue, *Cupid* alas, *Cupid* a.

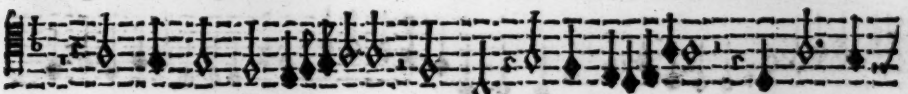


has, then I no longer liue, *Cupid* ::

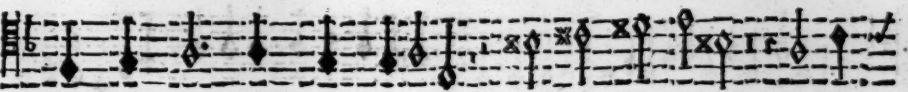
But dye poore wretch, Shot



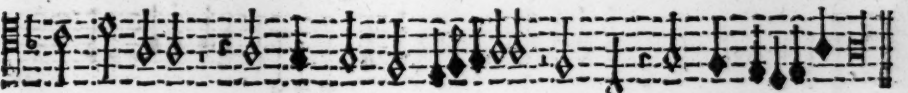
through and through the liuer, With those sharp arrowes, She stole from thy quier.



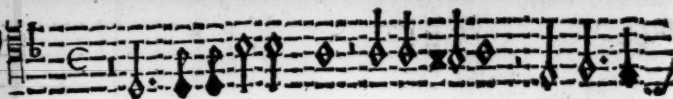
She stole from thy quier, She stole from thy quier. But dye poore



wretch, Shot through and through the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes, She stole



from thy quier. She stole from thy quier. She stole from thy quier.

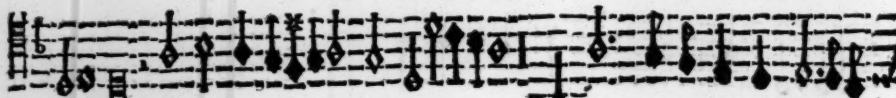


He with a cruell frowne, a :::

opprest my

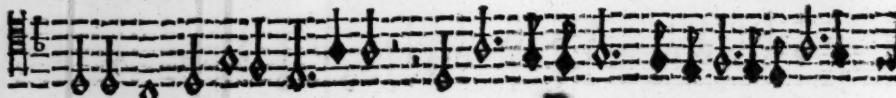


trembling heart with deadly swone, with deadly swone, with dead-

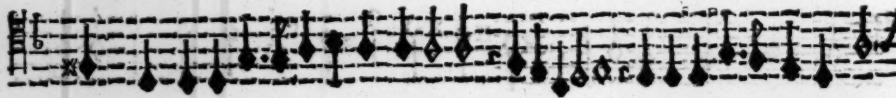


ly swone, Yet pitt'ing my paine, yet :::

Restor'd with a kisse my life, my



life againe, my life againe, againe, Restor'd with a kisse, with a kisse my life a-

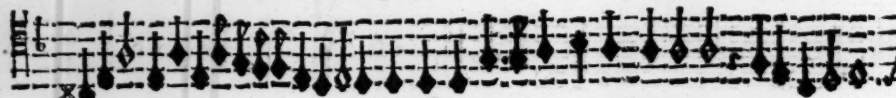


gaine, Thus let me daily be of life deprived, of :::

So I be daily thus againe



reui- ued. So I be daily thus againe reui- ued, reui- ued, So :::



So :::

Thus let me daily be of life deprived, of :::



So I be daily thus againe reui- ued, so :::

reui- ued, so



:::

so :::

FINIS.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, ARTHVRE Lord CHICHESTER,

Baron of BELFAST, Lord high Treasurer of Ireland,
and one of his Majesties most Honorable Priuy Counsell,
of that KINGDOME.

Right Honorable :



Being to expose these my unworthy Labours to publicke view, and vniuersall censure, I was imboldened in a double respect to become so humbly-ambitious, as to desire that they may take sanctuary vnder your Honors all pleasing name and safest patronage; First, because they were solely intended for your Honors priuate recreation; after your tedious imployments in the affaires of the common-wealth, being then his Maiesties most worthy Deputy, and swaying the sword and scepter of authority amongst vs, in this kingdome of Ireland; And as your Honour hath beene pleased to vouchsafe vnto them your priuate applause, and thereby to occasion me for more variety to enlarge them to this number: So I am bolde to father them vpon your Honor, not doubting but as in your allowance of them, I made vse of your goodnesse; so in your protection of them, I may make vse of your greatnesse. Secondly, it is not the least of your Honors fauours conferred vpon me, to grace me with your Honourable seruice, and to call me to a more immediate dependency vpon your Lordship, and therefore to auoide the blacke note of ingratitude, I held it my duty there to lay downe my worke, where I owe my seruice, and to desire to be no longer knowne, then I may be knowne with that relation I haue to your Honour; that so I might leaue a perpetuall testimony vnto the world of your Honors fauours vnto mee; of my affectionate desire, in some weake measure, to expresse my thankfulnessse to your Honour. If I haue herein given content to these curious and hard-pleased times, the thanks belongs to your Honour, whose encouragements were my motiues with greedinesse to vndertake this taske, with constancy to goe through it, with resolution to publish it, to the censorious eare of the world. If I haue come short of popular expectation, my hope is, that my mention of your Honorable name will procure pardon for a greater offence. And thus wishing vnto your Honor a continuall Harmony, composed of a comfortible delight of body, goods, and good name; with a daily increase of Honour, I humbly take leaue, crauing pardon for this boldnesse, and desiring alwaies to be accounted

Your Honours to be commanded
in the best of his seruices

THOMAS BATESON.



THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Voyces.

L oue is the fire that burnes me.	I If I seeke to inioy.	IIII
My Mistris after seruice due.	II Pleasure is a wanton thing.	V
One woman scarce of twenty.	III Sweet, those trammels of your haire.	VI

Songs of 4. Voyces.

L ue not poore bloome.	VII See, see, forth her eyes her.	X
The Nightringale in silent night.	VIII When to the gloomy woods.	XI
Oh, what is she?	IX If floods of teares.	XII

Songs of 5. Voyces.

H ae I found her?	XIII With bitter sighes.	XIX
Downe the hills.	XIIII Why doe I dying liue?	XX
Camella faire tript.	XV In depth of greife.	XXI
Sadnesse sit downe.	XVI All the day, I wast in weeping.	XXII
Life of my life.	XVII Why doest thou flye?	XXIII
I heard a noise.	XVIII Come sorrow.	XXIIII

Songs of 6. Voices.

C upid in a bed of Roses.	XXV Fond loue is blinde.	XXVIII
Cytherea smiling said.	XXVI Ah Cupid grant that I.	XXIX
Her haire, the net of.	XXVII Shewith a cruell frowne,	XXX

FINIS.



Oue is the fire that burnes me, loue ::

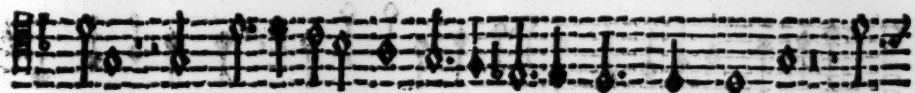
The ::



The smokes are thoughts confused, the ::



Which dimmes my soule, which dimmes, :: And hath my sence a-

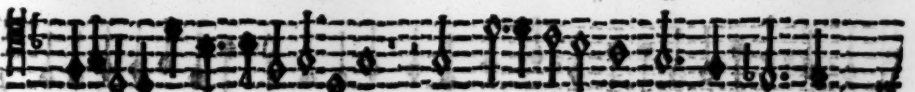


bused, Though fire to ashes turne me, Yet doth the smoke more grieue me, That



dimmes my minde, Whose light should still relieue me, whose ::

whose ::



whose :: Though fire to ashes turne me, Yet doth the



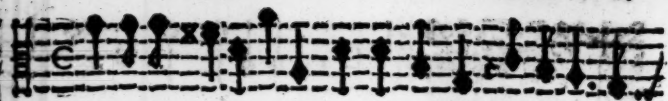
smoke more grieue me, That dims my minde, whose light should still re- lieue me.



whose ::

whose ::

whose ::



Y Mistresse after service due, Demanded if indeed my



loue were true, were true, I said it was, Then shee replide, That



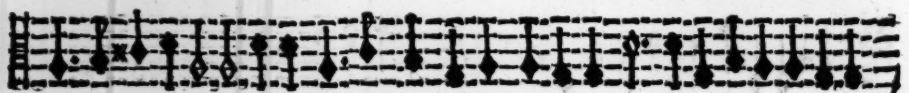
I must hate whom she de- fide, that :: that :: de- fide, And



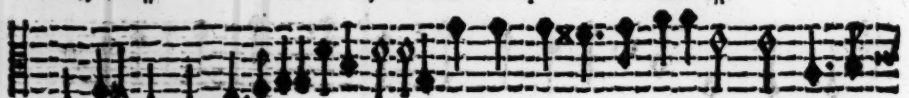
so my selfe, and so my selfe, about the rest, about the rest; Whom she, she swore, did



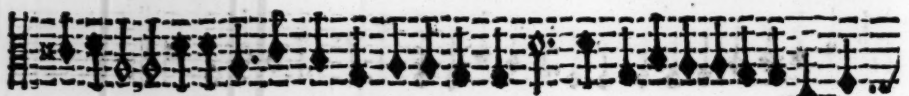
most of all de- test, whom :: In sooth said I, you see I hate my



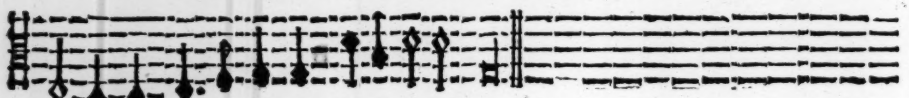
selfe, you :: Who sets my loue on such a peeuishe else. who ::



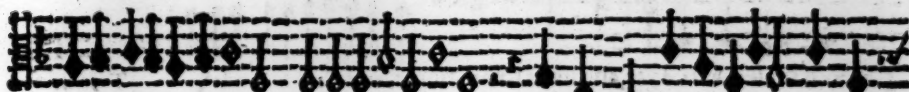
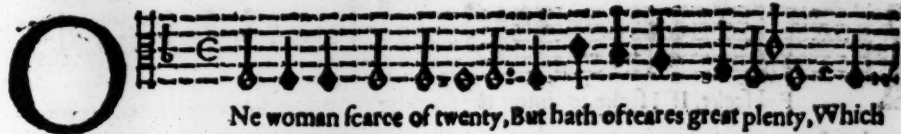
Who sets :: In sooth said I, you see I hate my selfe, you



:: who sets my loue on such a peeuishe else. who ::



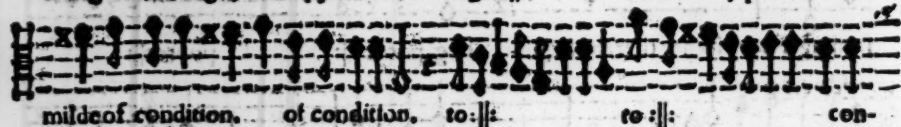
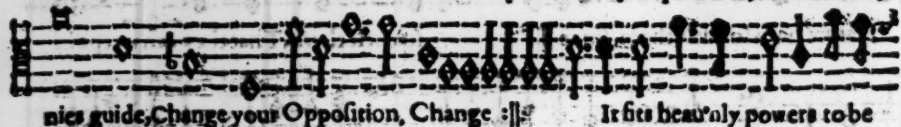
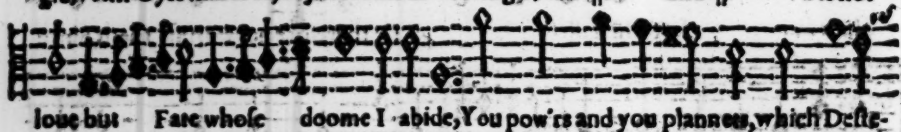
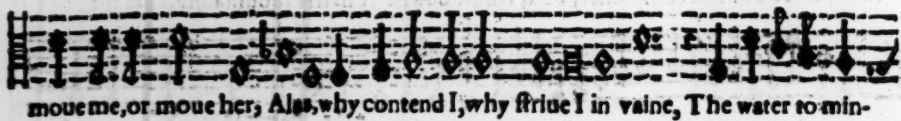
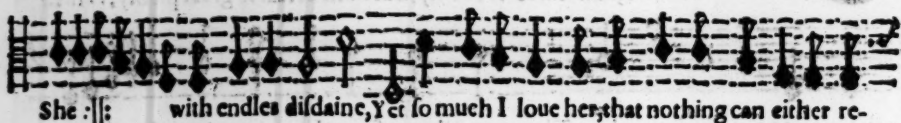
Who sets my loue on such a peeuishe else,

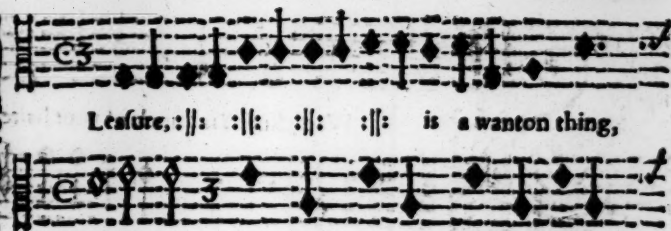


Poore foules thereby begui- ling, poore :||:

poore :||:

poore :||:





Leasure, :||: :||: :||: :||: is a wanton thing,

When old and young doe dance and spring, doe :||:



Pleasure, :||: :||: :||: is a wanton thing, When old and young, when :||:



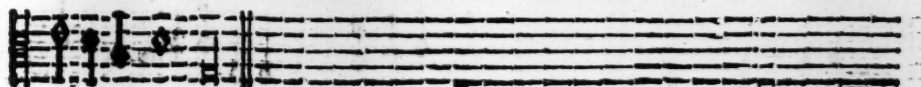
and young doe dance and spring, does :||: Pleasure :||: Pleasure it is that



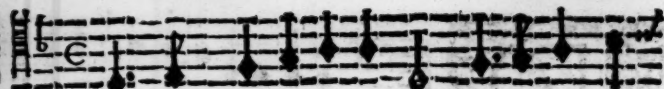
most desire, And yet tis but a foolcs hire, tis :||: tis :||: a foolcs hire.



Pleasure it is that most de- fire, And yet tis but a foolcs hire, tis :||: tis :||:



a foolcs hire.



Weet, those Trammels of your haire, Golden locks more



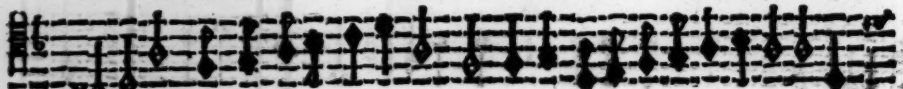
truely are, My thoughts locking to thy beautie, Thus you doe



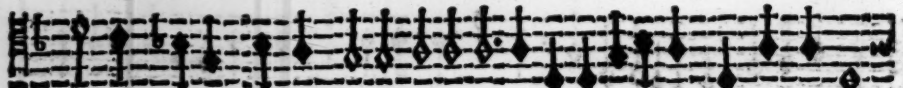
thus you doe, thus :: :: my captiue minde, From my dy - ing bo - dy



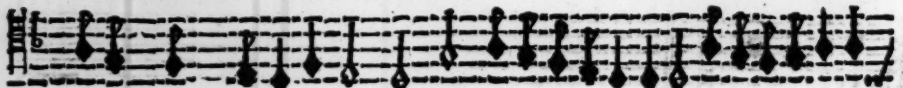
binde, Onely to you, :: :: to doe duty. O my deere let it goe



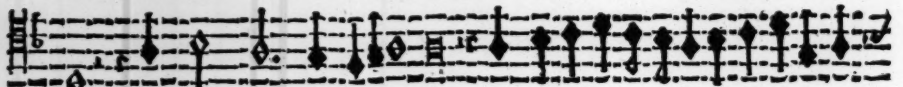
free, goe free, Or my body take to thee, take to thee, Or :: :: to thee,



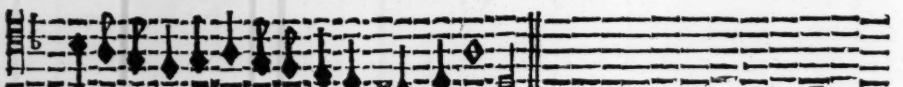
So your Captiue you shall cherish, you :: :: For if parted thus they lye, they lye,



Or my thoughts or I must dye, must dye, Or :: :: Or :: ::



T'will grieue thee, t'will grieue thee, if either pe- rish. if



either pe- rish, pe- rish.



Iue not poore bloome, but perish, Whose Spring fro-

sty Winter blasteth, Other buds fresh Mayes doe cherish,

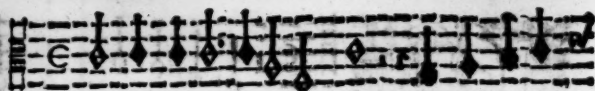
Hy: me ore thee his snow ca- steth, And in wither'd armes thee graspth, thee graf-

peth, Tyrants: ||: ||: nothing worse you can, nothing ||: you can,

Now my lively body's soaked, my lively, ||: to the dead corps of a

man, of a man, Thus with loathed burden choked, Linging death with teares

inuoked: Linging: ||:

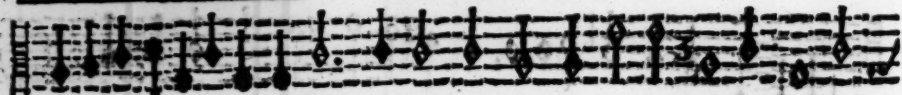


He Nightringale in silent night, Doth sing as well



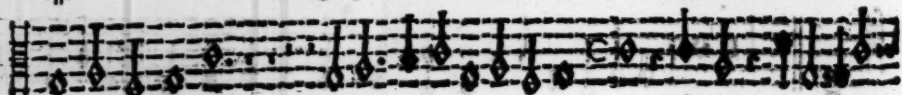
as in the light, the light, doth :||

doth



:||

the light, To lull loues watchfull eyes asleepe, She doth such



nighly sonnets keepe,

She :||

Hey hoe, :|| :||

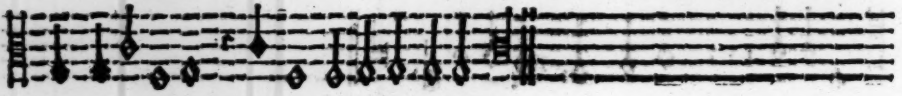


Sing we with all, What fortune vs so ere befall. :|| befall, what :||



Hey hoe, :|| :||

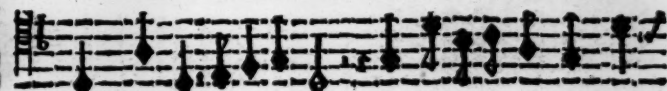
Sing we with all, What fortune vs so ere be-



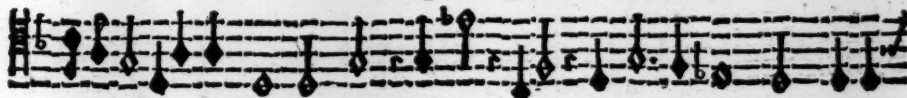
fall. :|| befall. What fortune vs so ere befall.



H, Oh what is she, what :||: what :||: Whose



lookes like light-nings pierce thus suddenly my brest, thus



:||: Scorching no skinne? But oh, :||: but oh, my heart burnes with a



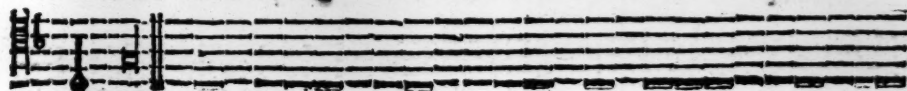
fire fierce, The flames ascending, the flames ascending, ascending, the :||:



in my face are seene, in :||: Yet courage man, Her speaking



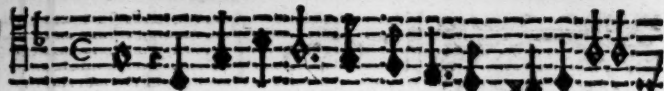
eye doth shew, Some fire remaines, Some fire remaines, from whence those light-



nings flew.

v

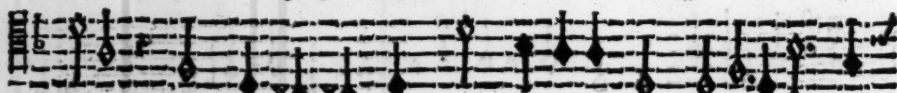
c



Ec, see, see, see, see forth her eyes her startled spirit



peepes, Which now she on me, which :||: which :||:



straight she off me keepe, straight she off me keepe, Not able long, looks



off, looks on, doth blush, doth tremble, Sweet wretch she would, but can-not love



dissemble, sweet :||:

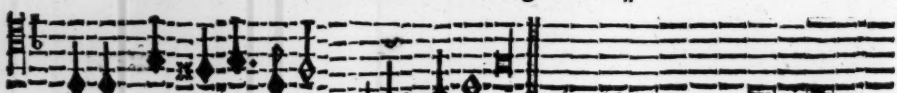
sweet :||:



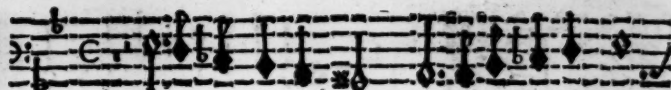
Happy euent, Whats lingering is but sleight, is :||: is but sleight,



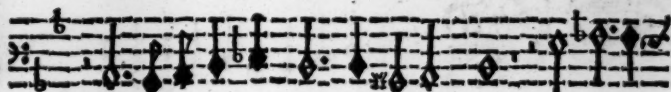
Who euer lou'd that lou'd not at first sight? who :||:



who :||:



Hen to the gloomy woods, When to the barren plains,



When to the sto-ny rocks and fullen floods, I wayling



oftengoe, and of my Loue complaine, How fenceles then thinke I, how



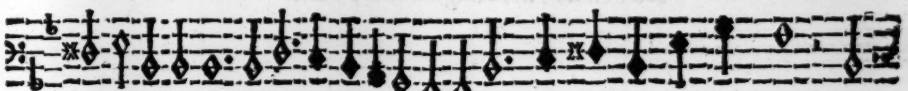
by loue I grow, To fencelesse things that tell my woe? that



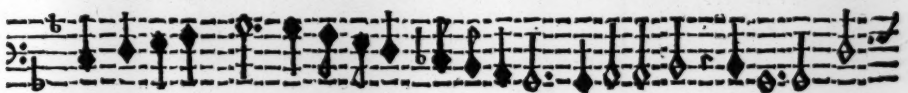
tell my woe? Yet these my piercing moanes, my piercing mones haue touched



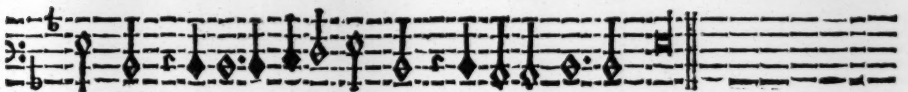
oft so nye, haue: ||: oft so nye, oft: ||: oft: ||: That they to me replie, to



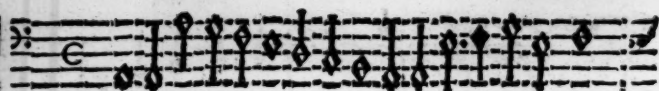
me reply, reply, But cruell, cruell, cruell she, More fenceles then hard stones, Quite



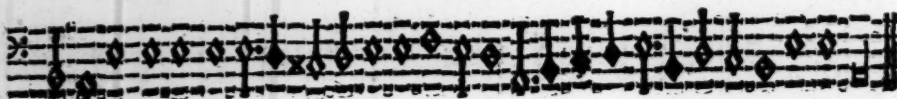
fenceles of my paines, No answer giues, no: ||: Vnmoued still



remaines, Vnmoued still remains, Vnmoued still remains,



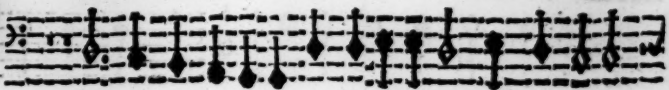
F floods of teares.



Here endeth the Songs of foure Parts.



Aue I found her? haue :||: (O rich finding)



Goddesse like for to behold, for to behold, Her faire tresses



seemely binding. In a Chaine of pearle and gould, in :||:

In a



Chaine of pearle and gould, of pearle and gould, Chaine me, :||: Chaine me,



O most faire, Chaine me to thee with that haire, :||:

Chaine :||:



with that haire. Chaine me, :||: Chaine me O most faire, Chaine me



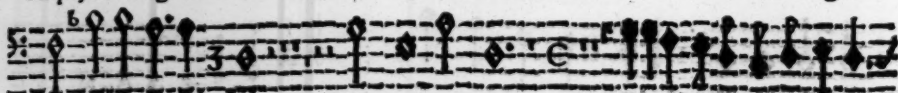
so thee with that haire, Chaine :||:

:||:

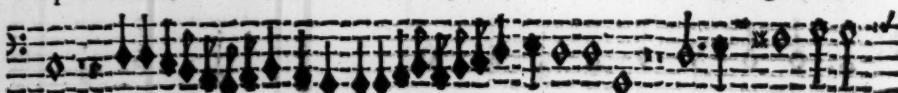
with that haire,



[kips, To the groues she doth goe, she: ||: Where thousand birds in a rowe, Sitting all



vp-on a tree, a tree, And three by three, *Corina* counting to see, to



see, *Corina*: ||: to see, *Corina*: ||: to see, to see, Tuning notes of her



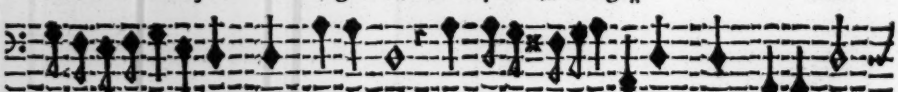
praise, Tuning: ||: with round- delays, with round delays, with



round- delays, with round delays, with round- delays, with



rounde round delays. Tuning notes of her praise, tuning: ||: with



round- delays, with round delays. with round- delays. with round delays.



with round- delays, with rounde round delays.



Amella faire tript or'e the plaine, tript :||: tript :||:

I follow'd quickly after, Hau'e ouertaken her,



hau'e :||: I would faine, and kist her when I caught her, and kist her when I



caught her, and kist her, :||: I caught her, But hope be'ng past her to obtaine,



Camella loud I call, She answerd me with great disdain, I will not kisse at



all, I :||: kisse :||: I :||: kisse :||: at all, I :||: not kisse at all, But



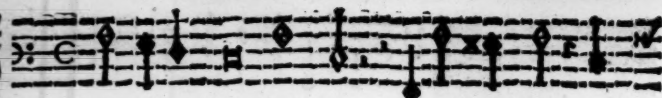
hope be'ng past her to obtaine, *Camella* loud I call, She answerd mee with



great disdain, I will not kisse at all. I will not kisse at all. I



will not kisse at all, at all. I :||: not kisse at all,



Adneffe sit downe, sit downe, on my foule feed, on



my foule feede, Teare vp thoughts, tombe a numbed heart,



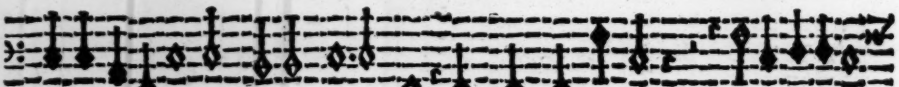
tombe :: tombe :: a numbed heart, Make wounds to speake, and skarres



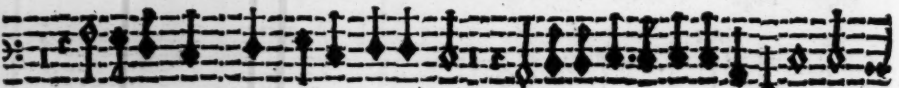
to bleede, On withered frings tune springing smart, And leaue this farwell,



for posteritie, Life is a death where sorrow cannot dye. Life ::



where sorrow cannot dye, And leaue this farwell for posteritie,



Life is a death where sorrow cannot dye. Life :: where



sorrow cannot dye.



Life of my life: Or how should I disguise my secret smart,



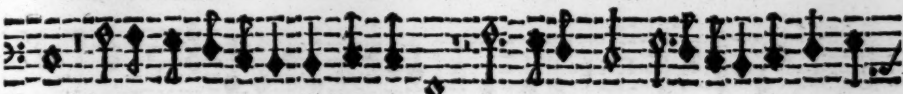
Wanting the sweet fruition of thy face? Wanting the



sweet fruition of thy face? Where beauty, loue, with maiestie and grace, Things seld or



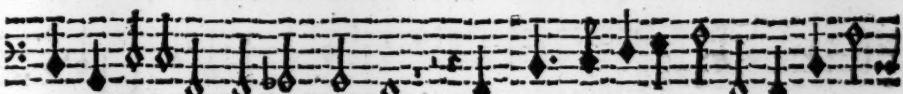
newer, things :||: meeting in one place, Have all conspir'd to plague a plagued



hart, all alwaies carcles of my carefull case, Deere to my soule, :||: I pray thee



make no stay, Goe not at all, or else with speed returne, Nay rather far my deere goe



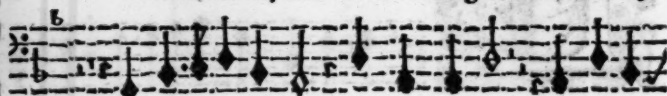
not, goe not away, But thou must goe, Then sweet while I thee see, Farwell, farwell,



farwell, :||: :||: But bidc, or let me dye. but bidc or let me dye, or let me dye.



Heard a noise, and wished for a sight, I lookt aside,



and did a shadow see, Whose substance was the sum of



my delight, It came vnseene, and so it went from me, it went from me, But yet



Conceit perswaded my entent, There was a substance where the shadow went, the ::



the ::

I did not play *Narcissus* in conceit, I did not



see my shadow in a spring, I knew my eyes were dim'd with no deceit, For



as I saw the shadow pasing by, I had a glance of something in my eye, I ::



Shadow or she, or both, or el use you whether, Blest be the thing that



brought the shadow hether, Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hether.



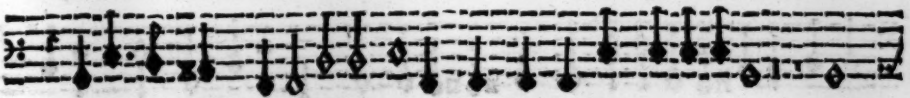
Ith bitter sighs I heard *Aminas* playning, For



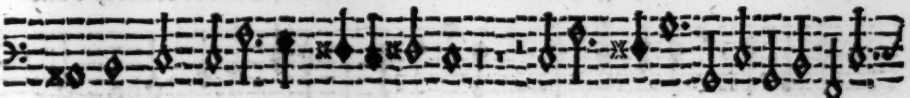
his chaste loue, he found but deepe dis- daining, but deepe



disdaining, As thus he sat, and in his griefe did tremble, To cheere his spirits



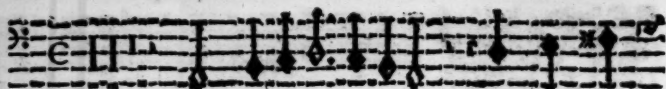
the *Æ*rall queere assemble, assemble, They sweetly sing, they :||: Griefes



are long li'ed, and sorrow seldome dyes. and :||: and :||:



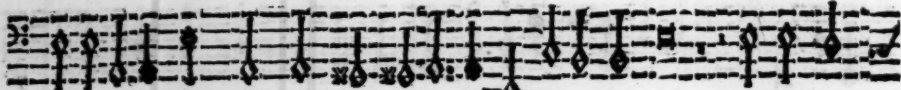
and :||: and sorrow seldome dyes.



Hy doe I dying? Why doe I doubt to dye, and see death



one- ly left me? and see :: left me? and ::



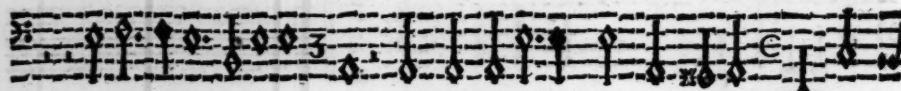
Th'enlargement of my better selfe by natures foe, Confines my



haplesse life to neuer dying woe, Immur'd in sorrowes hold, in sorrowes hold, I one-



ly see the light, of all my ioyes, of :: Wrapt vp in horrors blackest night,



wrapt ::

Then like Meander Swans, before my death, in



fatall notes Ile sigh, in fa- tall notes, in fatall notes, Ile sigh my latest breath. Ile



sigh, ::

Ile ::

sigh, ::

Ile sigh, ::

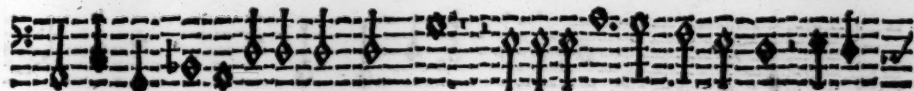
Ile sigh my latest breath.



N depth of griefe, And sorrow great, and :|| and



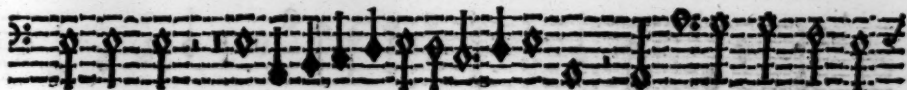
:|| Oft haue I, oft haue I, oft haue I, oft :||:



my selfe beway- led, Of that same loue, of :||: that late had feat in my



heart, but now is failed, And sorrow thou hast done the worst that thou canst doe to



make me curst, that :||: me curst, And sorrow, thou hast done



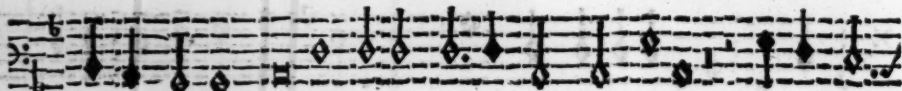
the worst, That thou canst doe to make me curst. that :||: me curst.



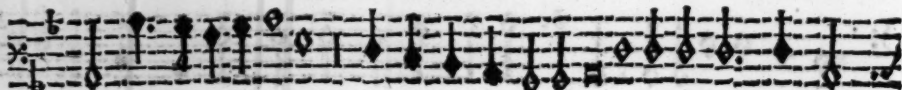
Al the day, grieued with, grieued with my loues dis-



daining, All the night, sighes and sobs, sighes and



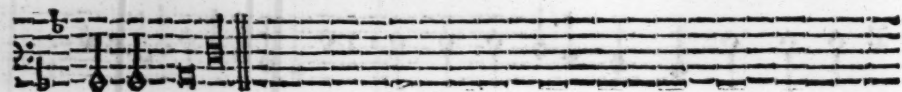
sobs me watchfull keeping, For thy losse my liues bright Iewell, Once too kinde,



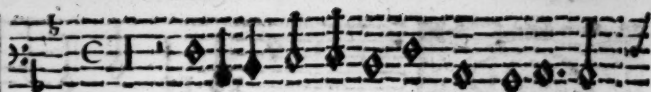
but now too cru- ell, once :: For thy losse, my liues



bright Iewell, Once too kinde, But now too cru- ell, once too kinde, But



now too cruell,



Hy doest thou ? Stay, or I dye with endlesse paine, with :||:



Pittie, vnhappy me, wilt neuer be?



wilt neuer be? Then yet at last glance backe thy eye, And see thy wretched



louer dye. and :||:

and :||:

Then



yet at last glance backe thy eye, And see thy wretched loue dye. and see

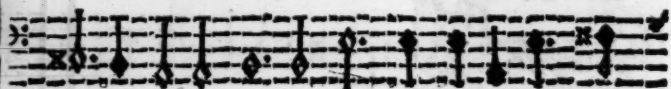


thy :||:

and see thy :||:



Ome sorrow, helpe me to lament, For plaining



now must ease my heart, my heart, No pleasure can giue



me content, For all delights doth breede my smart, doth breede my smart,

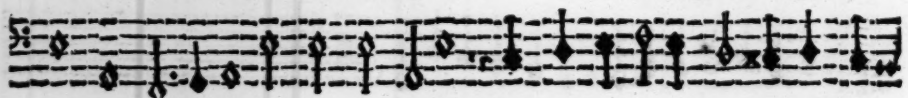


Onely my loue, can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence causeth all my griefe, causeth

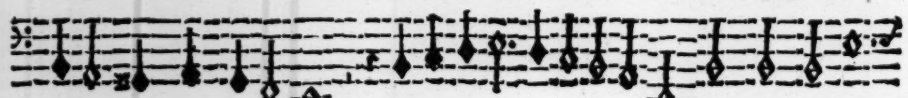


all my griefe, my griefe. whose: ||:

all my griefe, my griefe, all

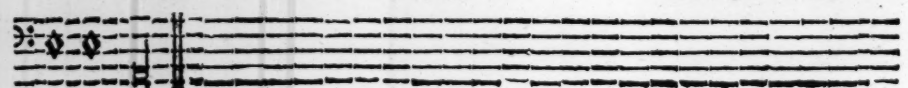


my griefe, Onely my loue, can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence causeth all my griefe, cau-



seth all my griefe, my griefe. whose: ||:

all my griefe, my griefe.



all my griefe.

Here endeth the Songs of five Parts.



Up in a: Sleeping, sleeping, chanced to be stung, of a

Bee that lay among the flowers, a- mong the flowers,



Where he himselfe repo- ses, Where he himselfe repofes, And thus to his mother



weeping told, That he this wound did take, Of a little winged snake. As



he lay secure -ly sleeping. sleep- ing. And thus to his mother weeping



told, That he this wound did take, of a little winged snake, As he lay se-



curely sleeping. sleep- ing.



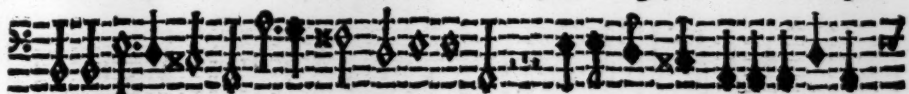
The-rea smi- ling said, smi-
 ling said, That if so great sorrow
 spring, From a lilly Bees weake sting, From: ||: as should make
 thee thus dismayd, What anguish feele they think'st thou, and what paine, Whom thy em-
 poynd arrows cause complaine? Whom :||: Whom :||:
 What anguish feele they think'st thou, and what paine, Whom thy em-
 poynd arrows cause complaine, whom :||: Whom thy em-
 poynd arrows cause complaine ?



Er haire, the net of goulden wire, Wherin my



heart, my heart, Led by my wandring eyes, So fast entangled



is, entangled is, entangled is, That in no wise it can, nor will againe retire, re-



tire, It :: againe re- tire, But rather will in that sweet



bondage die, Then breake one haire to gaine her liber-ty. then ::



her :: But rather will in that sweet bondage dye,



Then breake one haire, to gaine her liber-ty. Then breake one haire to gaine



her liberty, her liber-ty.



And loue. But I more blinde, Who neare my loue did



see, my loue did see, who :||: did see, *Pigmalion*



lou'd an Image, I an name, I :||: I laught at him, Boo



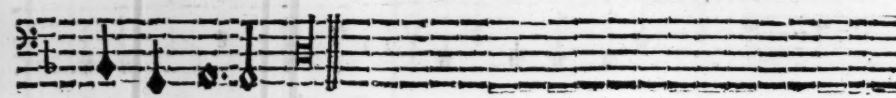
now deserue like blame, but :||: Thus foolishly I leape before I



looke, Seeing no baite I swallow'd haue the hooke. I :||: Thus foolishly



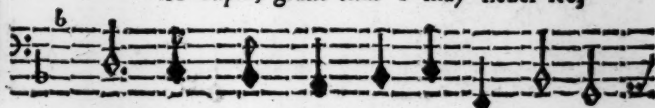
I leape before I looke, Seeing no baite, I swallow'd haue the hooke. I



swallow'd haue the hooke.



H *Cupid*, grant that I may neuer see,



Her through mine care, that thus hath wounded



me, wounded me, If through mine eyes another wound she giue, *Cu-*



pid a- las, then I no lon- ger liue, then I no longer liue, But dye poore



wretch, Shot through and through the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes,



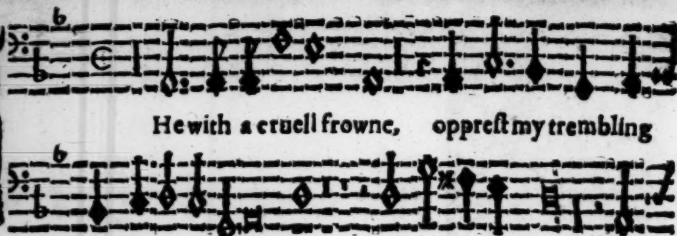
She stole from thy quiuer. She :: But dye poore wretch, Shot



through and through the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes, She stole from



thy quiuer. She stole from thy quiuer.



He with a cruell frowne, opprest my trembling

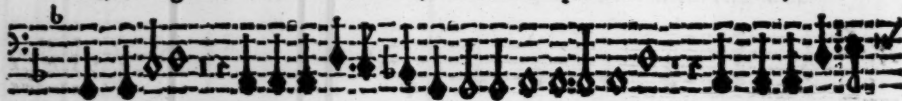
heart with deadly swone, Yet pitt'ing my paine, Re-



stor'd with a kisse, with a kisse, with a kisse, my life againe, Re- stor'd with a kisse my

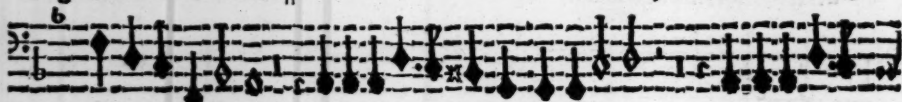


life, againe, Thus let me daily be of life depriued, So I be daily thus a-



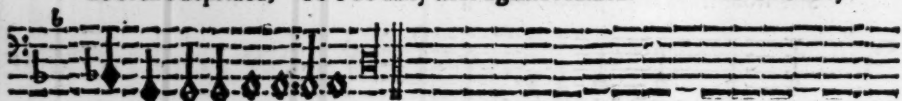
gaine reuiued. so I ::

reuiued, Thus let me daily



be of life depriued, So I be daily thus againe reuiued.

So I be daily



thus againe reuiued, reuiued.

FINIS.

{ QVINTVS. }

THE
SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

to 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts:
Apt for Viols and Voyces.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by Thomas Bateson, Bachelor of
MUSICKE, Organist, and Master of
the Children of the Cathedrall Church
of the blessed TRINITY, Dublin, in
the Realme of IRELAND.

LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Matthew Lowmes
and John Browne. 1618.

Cum Privilegio.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE^{able} ARTHUR Lord CHICHESTER,

Baron of BELFAST, Lord high Treasurer of Ireland,
and one of his Majesties most Honorable Priuy Counsell,
of that KINGDOME.

Right Honorable:



Being to expose these my unworthy Labours to publicke view, and uniuersall censure, I was imboldened in a double respect to become so humbly-ambitious, as to desire that they may take sanctuary vnder your Honors all-pleasing name and safest patronage; First, because they were solely intended for your Honors priuate recreation, after your tedious employments in the affaires of the common-wealth, being then his Maiesties most worthy Deputy, and swaying the sword and scepter of authority amongst vs, in this kingdome of Ireland; And as your Honour hath bene pleased to vouchsafe vnto them your priuate applause, and thereby to occasion me for more variety to enlarge them to this number: So I am bolde to father them vpon your Honor, not doubting but as in your allowance of them, I made vse of your goodnesse, so in your protection of them, I may make vse of your greatnesse. Secondly, it is not the least of your Honors fauours conferred vpon me, to grace me with your Honourable service, and to call me to a more immediate dependency vpon your Lordship, and therefore to auoide the blacke note of ingratitude, I held it my duty there to lay downe my worke, where I owe my service, and to desire to be no longer knowne, then I may be knowne with that relation I haue to your Honour; that so I might leaue a perpetuall testimony vnto the world of your Honours fauours vnto mee; of my affectionate desire, in some weake measure, to expresse my thankfulnessse to your Honour. If I haue herein giuen content to these curions and hard-pleased times, the thanks belongs to your Honour, whose encouragements were my motives with greedinesse to vndertake this taske, with constancy to goe through it, with resolution to publish it, to the censorious care of the world. If I haue come short of popular expectation, my hope is, that my mention of your Honorable name will procure pardon for a greater offence. And thus wishing vnto your Honor a continuall Harmony, composed of a comfortble delight of body, goods, and good name, with a daily increase of Honour, I humbly take leaue, craving pardon for this boldnesse, and desiring alwaies to be accounted

Your Honours to be commanded
in the best of his seruices

THOMAS BATESON.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Voyces.

L oue is the fire that burnes me. My Mistris after seruice due. One woman scarce of twenty.	II If I secke to inioy. II Pleasure is a wanton thing. III Sweet, those trammels of your haire.	IIII V VI
--	---	-----------------

Songs of 4. Voyces.

L ue not poore bloome. The Nightingale in silent night. Oh, what is she?	VII See, see, forth her eyes her. VIII When to the gloomy woods. IX If floods of teares.	X XI XII
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Songs of 5. Voyces.

H ae I found her? Downe the hills. <i>Camella</i> faire tript. Sadnesse sit downe. Life of my life. I heard a noise.	XIII With bitter sighes. XIII Why doe I dying liue? XV In depth of greife. XVI All the day, I wast in weeping. XVII Why doest thou flye? XVIII Come sorrow.	XIX XX XXI XXII XXIII XXIII
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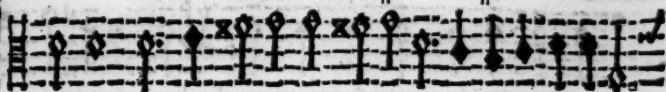
Songs of 6. Voices.

C upid in a bed of Roses. <i>Cytheres</i> smiling laid, Her haire, the net of.	XXV Fond loue is blinde. XXVI Ah <i>Cupid</i> grant that I. XXVII Shew with a cruell frowne,	XXVIII XXIX XXX
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FINIS.



Aue I found her? haue: ||: :||: O rich



finding, Goddesse like for to behold, :||:



Her faire tresses seemely binding, In a chaine of pearle and gould, In: ||:



In: ||:

In: ||:

Chaine me, :||: Chaine me



O most faire, O most faire, Chaine me to thee :||: :||: Chaine me



to thee with that haire, :||:

with that haire, Chaine me, :||:



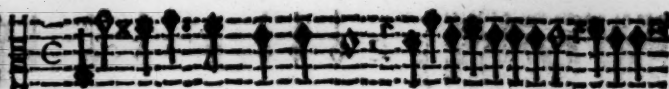
Chaine me, O most faire, O most faire, Chaine me to thee :||: :||:



Chaine me to thee with that haire, :||:

with that haire.

D Owne the hills *Corina* trips, *Corina* :: *Co-rina* trips, Fetching many
 wanton skips, To the groues she doth goe, she :: she :: Where thousand birds
 in a rowe, Sitting all vp- on a tree, Came two by two, And three by three, and
 and :: *Corina* coueting to see, to see, *Corina* :: to see, *Corina*
 :: *Corina* to see, Tuning notes of her praise, Tuning :: of her
 praise, Doth welcome her with rounderoundelays, with round- delays, with
 rounderoundelays, with :: with round- delays, roundelays.
 Tuning notes of her praise, tuning :: of her praise, Doe welcome her with rounde
 roundelays. with round- delays. with rounde roundelays, with rounde-
 roundelays, with round- delays, roundelays.



Amella faire tript or'e the plaine, *Camella* :: tript ::



I follow'd quickly after, I :: quickly after, Haue



ouertaken her, I would faine, I :: I :: and kist her when I caught her, and ::



I caught her, and ::

But hope be'ng past her to obtaine,



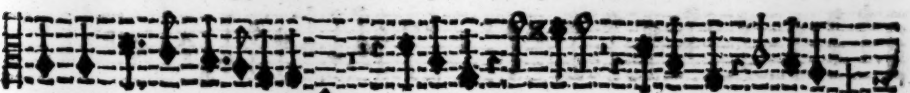
to obtaine, *Camella* loud I call, She answerd me with great disdain, I wil not kisse at



all, I :: at all, I :: kisse at all, I :: kisse at all, I :: I wil not kisse at



all. But hope be'ng past her to obtaine, to obtaine, *Camella* loud I call, She



answerd me with great disdain, I will not kisse at all. I will not kisse at all, at



all, I :: kisse, I :: kisse at all, I will not, I will not kisse at all,



Adnelle sit downe, sit downe, on my soule feed, on ::



on my soule feede, Teare vp thoughts, tombe a numbed



heart, tombe a num- bed heart, tombe ::

Make wounds to speake, and



skarresto bleede, On withered strings tune springing smart, And leaue this



farwell, and ::

for posteritie,

Life is a death, where sorrow



cannot dye. Life ::

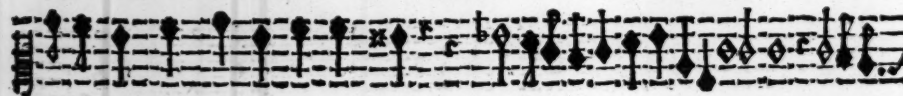
not dye Life ::



cannot dye. And leaue this farwell and ::

for posteritie,

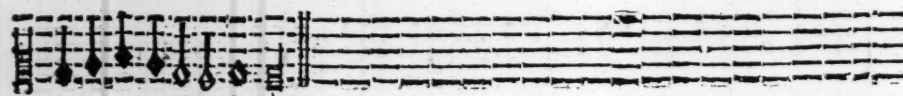
Life



is a death, where sorrow cannot dye.

Life ::

not dye. Life ::



cannot dye.

Life of my life, how should I liue, alas, Since thou art thus re-
 solu'd for to de- part? Or how should I, or how should I disguise my se- cret smart,
 Wanting the sweet fruition of thy face, Wanting the sweet of thy face? Wher beauty,
 Ioue, with maiestie and grace, with :: and grace, Things seld or neuer, things ::
 things :: meeting in one place, Haue all conspir'd to plague a plag- ued
 hart, All alwaies carelesse of my carefull case, Deere to my soule, Deere :: I pray thee
 make no stay, :: Goe not at all, or els with speed return, Nay rather far my deer goe
 not away, But thou must goe, but :: Then sweet while I thee see, Farwell, ::
 farwell, But bide or let me dye, me dye, but :: or let me dye.


 Heard a noise, I :||: and wished for a sight, I lookt aside, and


 did a shadow see, Whose substance was the summe of my delight, the :||: It


 came vnscene, and so it went from me, and :||: But yet Conceit perswaded


 my entent, There was a substance where the shadow went, where :||:


 I did not play *Narcissus* in conceit, *Narcissus* in conceit, conceit, I did not


 see my shadow in a spring, a spring, I knew my eyes were dim'd with no de-


 ceit, I saw the shadow of some worthy thing, For as I saw the shadow passing by,


 I had a glance of something in my eie, in my eie, my eie, Shadow or she, or both, or


 chuse you whether, Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hether, Blest :||:


 Blest :||: Blest :||: the shadow hether.



Ith bitter sighs I heard *Amimas* play- ning, play-



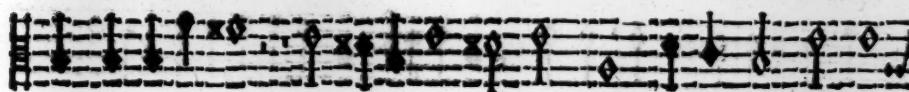
ning, For his chaste loue he found but deepe disdain- ning,



but :: As thus he sat, as thus he sat, and in his griefe did tremble, To



cheere his spirits the Ætall queere, the Ætall queere assem- ble, They sweetly



sing, they :: In dolefull tunes he cries, Griefes are long li'ud, long li'ud,



and sorrow seldome dyes, and :: dyes, and :: sel-



dome dyes. and :: dyes.



berest me? Why doe I doubt to dye, and see death

only left me? and :||:

left me, left me? Th' enlargement of my better selfe

by nature's foe, Confines my hapless life, to never dying woe, Immur'd in sorrows

hold, I onely see the light, the light of all my ioyes, of::: of:::

Wrapt vp in horrors blackest night, wrapt :::

Then like Meander

Swans, before my death, in fatall notes, In :::

In :||:

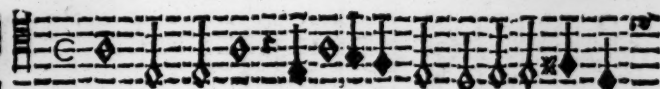
He

figh my latest breath. He figh, :::

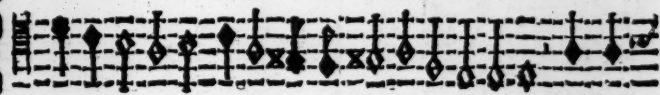
Ile figh, Ile figh, :||:

Ile figh, :::

my latest breath. He sigh my latest breath.



N depth of grieffe, And sorrow great, and :: and



::: great, and ::: and ::: Oft haue



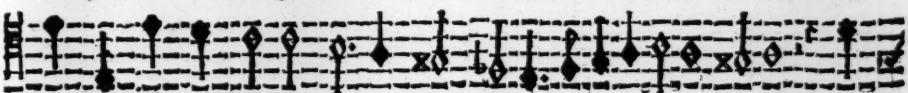
I, oft ::: oft ::: my selfe beway- led, beway- led, Of that same



loue, of ::: that late had seat in my heart, in my heart, in my heart, my



heart, but now is fai- led, And sorrow thou hast done the worst, hast done the



worst, that thou canst doe to make me curst, that ::: that



::: And sorrow, thou hast done the worst, That thou canst



doe to make me curst, to ::: me curst.



Ll the day, I waite in weeping, grieued with my loues,



(O) grieued with my loues, (O) grieued with my loues dis-



daining, my loues disdaining, All the night I lye complaining, sighes and



sobs, sighes :: sighes and sobs me watchfull keeping, For thy losse my liues



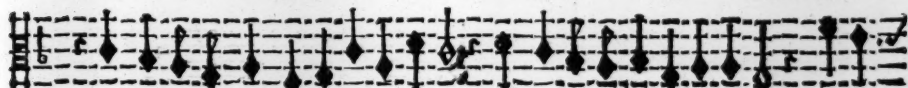
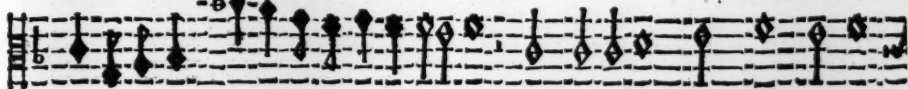
bright Iewell, Once too kinde, but now too cru- ell. once :: cru-

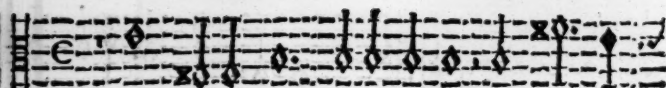


ell, once :: For thy losse, my liues bright Iewell, Once too kinde,



But now too cruell, once :: cru- ell, once too ::





Ome sorrow, helpe me to lament, For plaining



now must ease my heart, for ::

No



pleasure can giue me content, For all delights doth breede my smart, doth breed my



smart, doth ::

Onely my

loue can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence



causeth all my griefe, whose ::

my griefe, whose ::

all my



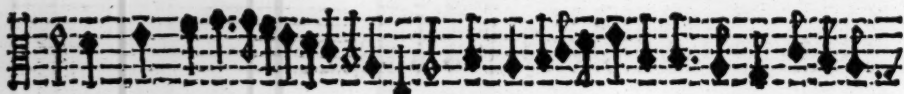
griefe, whose ::

my griefe, all my griefe, my griefe whose ::



Onely my

loue, can yeeld reliefe, Whose absence causeth



all my griefe, whose ::

my griefe, whose ::

all my



griefe, whose ::

my griefe, all my griefe, my griefe, whose ::

griefe.

Here endeth the Songs of five Parts.



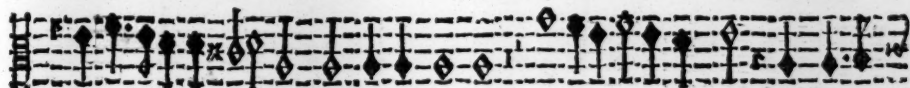
Upid in a bed of Roses, of roses, of roses Sleeping,



sleep-ing, chanced to be stung, :||: of a Bee that



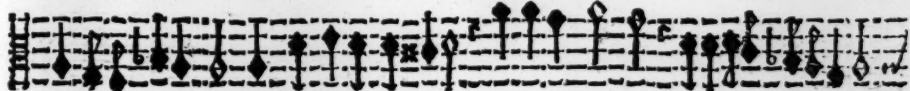
lay among the flowers, of :||: Where he himselfe reposes,



Where :||: And thus to his mother wee- ping told, That he this



wound did take, that :||: Of a little winged snake, of :||: As



he lay securely sleeping, securely sleep- ing, securely sleeping, As :||:



And thus to his mother wee- ping told, That he this wound did take, that



:||: of a little winged snake, of :||: As he lay securely sleep-

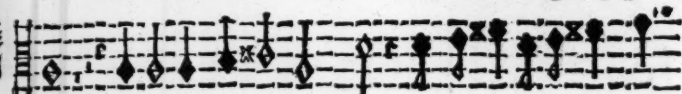


ing, securely sleep- ing, securely sleeping, As he lay securely sleeping.

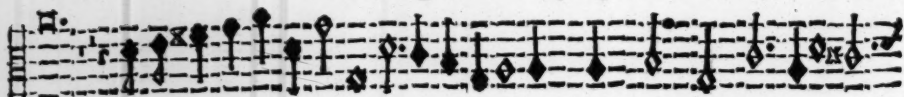


Tibe-rea smi-

ling laid, smiling laid, :||:



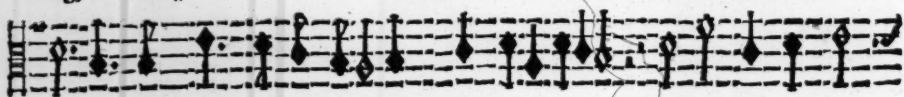
That if so great sorrow spring, From a fil-ly Bees weake



sting, From: ||:

a filly :||:

as should make thee thus dif-

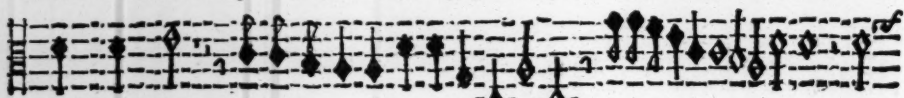


maid, as should make thee thus dif-maid, should: ||:

What anguish feele they



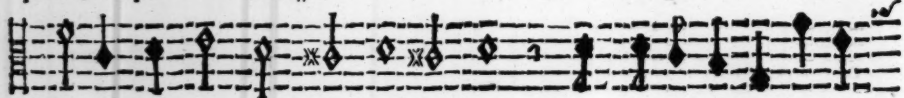
thinkst thou and what paine, Whom thy employ'ned arrows cause complaine? cause com-



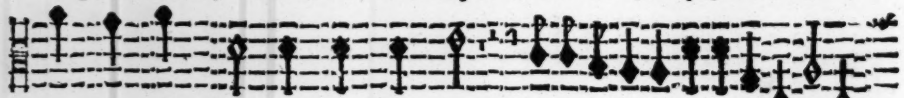
plaine, complaine? whom: ||:

whom: ||:

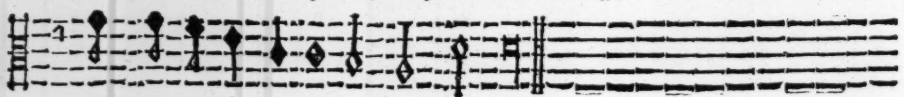
What



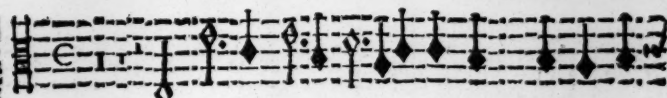
anguish feele they think't thou, and what paine, Whom thy employ'ned arrowes



cause complaine? cause complaine, complaine? Whom :||:



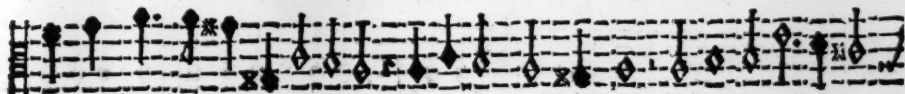
Whom thy employ'ned arrowes cause complaine?



Er haire, the net of goul- den wire, Wherein my



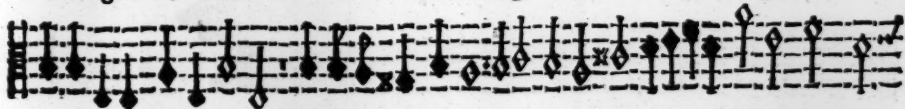
heart, my heart, Wherein my heart, my heart, wherein: ||: Led



by my wandering eye, my: ||: Led by my wandering eye, So fast entangled is,



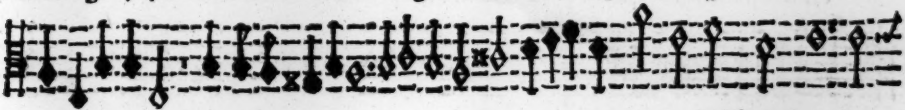
entangled is, That in no wise it can or will againe re- tire, it: ||:



againe re- tire, it can or will againe re- tire, But ra- ther will in that sweet



bondage dye, Then breake one haire to gaine her liber- ty. Then: ||:



her liberty. Then: ||:

But ra- ther will in that sweet bondage



dye, Then breake one haire, to gaine her liber- ty. Then: ||:



her liberty, Then breake one haire to gaine her libertie.



And loue is blind, :||:

Blinde therefore louers



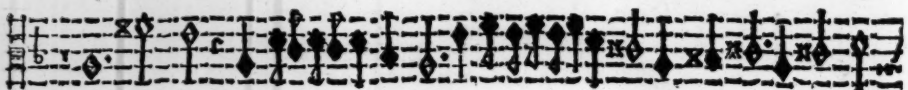
be, :||:

But I more blinde, But I more blinde, Who



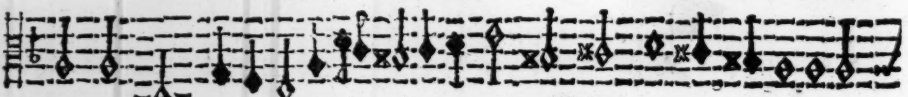
neare my loue did see, Who:||:

did see, did see, *Pigmalion* lou'd an Image,



I a name, I laught at him, I:||:

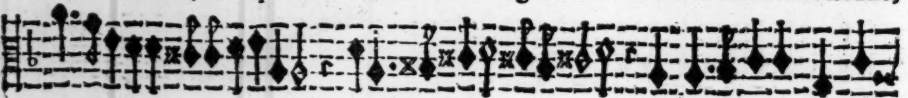
But now deferue like



blame, like blame, but now deferue like blame, like blame, but:||:



Thus foolishly I leape before I looke, Seeing no baite: I swallow'd haue the hooke,



Seeing :||:

I:||:

Thus foolishly I leape be-



fore I looke, Seeing no baite, I swallow'd haue the hooke, Seeing :||:



I swallow'd haue the

hooke.



H *Cupid*, grant that I may neuer see,



Her through mine eare, that thus hath wounded me, her

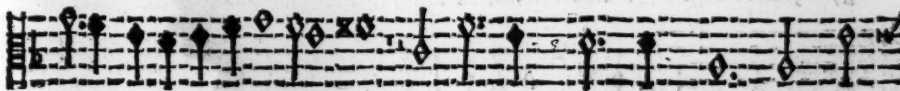


through my eare that thus hath wounded me If through mine eyes ano- ther



wound she giue, another :::

Cupid a-las, then I no longer liue, *Cupid* a-



las, then I no lon- ger liue, But dye poore wretch, Shot through and through



the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes, She stole from thy quiuer. from thy quiuer,



She :::

She :::

She

But dye poore wretch, Shot



through and through the liuer, With those sharpe arrowes, she stole from thy qui-



uer. from thy quiuer. She :::

she :::

she stole from thy quiuer.



He with a cruell frowne, a ::|: opprest my



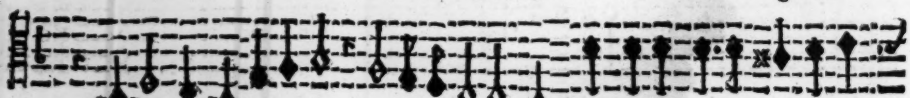
trembling heart with deadly swone, with ::|: with ::|:



Yet pitt'ing my paine, Restor'd with a kisse, with a kisse, with a kisse, my life a-



gaine, restor'd ::|: with a kisse, with a kisse, my life a- gaine



re-stor'd with a kisse, my life againe, Thus let me daily be of life



deprived, So I be daily thus againe reui- ued. so I



be ::|: So I be ::|: So I be ::|:



Thus let me daily be of life deprived, So I be daily thus againe



reui- ued. So I be ::|: So ::|: reuiued.

FINIS.